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JACKSON'S VICTORY OVER FRISCO'S PUGILISTIC WONDER

THE NATION  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 591.  
Price Ten Cents.



CONFESSED TO HER BETRAYER'S DYING WIFE.

PRETTY MISS WOOD TELLS THE STORY OF HER DOWNFALL IN A BROOKLYN, N. Y., HOSPITAL.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is remarkable what risks some people will  
run to make money. We refer to the counter-  
feiting gang which was captured by the police  
a few days ago.

The New York Tribune on Friday morning  
last was a 34-page sheet. Surely no woman  
who has three cents to spare ought to lament  
now that she can't get a bustle.

Harry D. Schoonmaker, a Brooklyn young  
man, killed himself and wife a few days ago  
because he couldn't support two women on \$15  
a week. There are many more such "fly" chaps  
in this wicked world, who are bound to do  
something desperate for the same reason  
sooner or later.

Mrs. Bertha Diggle, a charming young ac-  
tress, recently passed through a "trying" ordeal  
at Clarion, Pa., where she was acquitted by a  
jury on the charge of poisoning her husband.  
She had a narrow escape, and it isn't likely  
will care to take part in anything in the tragic  
line, even in the mimic world, for some time to  
come.

Lawyer George W. Colles, of Morristown, N.  
J., must have been awfully sweet on Mrs. Lotta  
Worthman if the allegations brought out by  
that lady's case against him which came up in  
the Tombs Police Court recently be true. She  
accused him of having defrauded her of some  
\$8,000, but avers he wrote her some 400 gushing  
love letters while he was about it.

Johnson Hatfield, one of the leaders of the  
West Virginia outlaws concerned in the murder  
of the three McCoy boys and other crimes  
growing out of the bloody family feud between  
the Hatfields and McCoy's, has passed in his  
checks. He will, no doubt, meet with a warm  
reception on the other side of this vale of tears.  
The story of the Hatfield and McCoy outlaws  
will soon be published in book form from this  
office. Price 25 cents.

The POLICE GAZETTE is a favorite every-  
where, but nowhere more so at present than  
before the footlights. Some of our leading  
actors and playrights pay the GAZETTE the  
compliment of special mention on the stage.  
Mr. Harrigan, in "Waddy Googan," alludes to  
it. Mr. Hoyt, in "A Brass Monkey," mentions  
the proprietor as the great patron of sport. Mr.  
Dockstader, in his popular song, refers to it as  
a "household word." Miss Farren of the Lon-  
don Gaiety Company reminds her audience of  
it. A first-class paper will assert its influence  
and receive due acknowledgment even if un-  
solicited.

The immense crowd which attended the inter-  
national glove fight between Jack McAuliffe,  
the American champion, and Jake Hyams, the  
claimant for the English light-weight cham-  
pionship, in Palace Hall, Brooklyn, Wednesday  
night, goes to show how popular pugilistic and  
boxing exhibitions are with the American pub-  
lic. The contest was decided on its merits,  
which might have been expected, as the men  
fought by Richard K. Fox rules. Where these  
rules govern the sport loving public have a guar-  
antee that there will be no flasco or draw. The  
Richard K. Fox rules are now the favorite rules  
by which the pugilists delight to contend by, be-  
cause they are aware that the public will not  
hesitate to witness a glove contest in which the  
above rules govern, knowing that one or the  
other of the contestants must win.

## MASKS AND FACES

Aimee in a Cab--Potter  
and Bellew.

CAMPANINI AT THE CORNER.

"The Little Tycoon"--Ameri-  
cans in Dress Suits.

BALLET SLIPPERS.

SMILES AND WRINKLES.

I thought of Aimee the other night as I saw Alice  
Harrison try to play "Mamelle" at the Third Avenue  
theatre. Aimee had a kind of racy wit. Some years  
ago she was being driven to a wedding by a cabbie,  
who took his time.

"Hurry up, cocher!" cried the little singer at last,  
impatiently, sticking her rouged and powdered face



out of the window. "Hurry up! If you go on at this  
rate we'll never come in time for that wedding! We'll  
be there for the divorce!"

Sara, the Kicker, has had a row with the Bentz-San-  
ley.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., will try to act next season.  
Joseph Anderson, who is not much of an actor, was  
married to Gertrude Barrett.

Annie O'Neill, at Harrigan's, is so pretty that a fellow  
wonders how Amy Lee feels when she sees her.  
Lillian Walters will infuse a little of Uncle Sam  
dash into the Lydia Thompson contingent at Kansas  
City.

Bob Hilliard and Jack Mason think they are big  
enough to star next season. Mason is certainly fat  
enough.

Augusta Schike, once the dudes' delight as a ballet  
dancer, now blacks up and kicks up in an Uncle Tom  
road company.

Pauline Markham, another back number dudes' de-  
light, figures as a staid performer in John Mackay's  
new play.

Louise Balfie and Mary Mills are on the outs. Louise  
infers that Mary is artist in only one line.

Marie Wainwright was in town selecting costumes for  
her appearance as *Rosalind* here. Marie will appear in  
tights in the role, and not like Langtry, Neilson, Cog-  
hlan, Modjeska and mather in top boots.

Bonfanti always insists on having her dressing room  
cold, as the heat makes her feet swell and prevents her  
from doing her best in the dance.

I met Cornalba, the ballerina, on Broadway not so  
long ago. She was, as usual, accompanied by  
her fine, tall greyhound.

"I practice two hours  
regularly every day,"  
said she with a cute for-  
eign accent. "Wherever  
I am I hire a hall and  
practice. I use about  
three pair of satin slip-  
pers a week. Ballet slip-  
pers cannot be worn  
more than three per-  
formances. I often use  
old slippers for practice.  
They are without heels,  
you know, the slippers,  
and make the foot ap-  
pear very large. Ballet slippers are made expressly for  
each dancer. I give my old ones to the girls in the cho-  
rus. When I was in San Francisco, some years ago, a  
masher used to write me almost every week to let  
him have a slipper of mine as a souvenir. He said he  
collected ballet slippers of famous ballerinas just as  
some men collect pipes or pictures or sticks. What a  
funny idea, eh?"

Sadie Martinot was an attentive spectator at the first  
night of "Miss Emeralds" at the Standard. She looked  
wan and worn.

Among the audience I also spied Maude Waldemere,  
escorted by Townsend Percy.

Flora Moore had Jack Welsh and Helena More arrest-  
ed last week for alleged assault and robbery. The two  
had been jolly, drinking, it is said, but the affair ended  
sadly and unartistically in a fight on the sidewalk.

Annie Pixley is said to contemplate playing in a  
piece with the racy title, "Miss or Mrs.; or, Room 22."  
Aimee once tried the piece, it is said, and fizzled. Judie  
or Theo would be good in it. Pixley is too matronly  
for such things.



Harry Lee is to appear in "The Cavalier" at Pal-  
mer's in a couple of months. Horace Vinton is to  
impersonate the elegant Regent in the cast, and will  
both look and play the part.

Ernest Tarleton, son of Capt. Alfred Thompson, has  
been engaged by Berebohm Tree to play the juvenile  
role in "Captain Swift" in London.

Annie Hart showed well-filled black stockings at  
Pastor's last week.

Dan Collier, they say, intends to return to the vari-  
ety stage.

Marietta Nash goes out with "A Bunch of Keys." The  
clever little woman ought to drop "Katti" and stick to  
her old business.

Dan Mason, at Proctor's Brooklyn Theatre, played J.  
Julius Smith in "Over the Garden Wall" last week.

I could not help think-  
ing of George Knight,  
who was so good in the  
part, and I recalled an  
anecdote about George  
that was told me about  
a year ago. "A few  
years ago I loaned a  
friend of mine in Chic-  
ago twenty dollars which  
he promised to repay  
me within three months.  
He was a confirmed  
Bohemian, this fellow,  
but he did repay me,  
and that with many  
thanks. A short time  
after my Bohemian came to me again and asked me  
for another loan of twenty dollars. 'No, no,' said I,  
'you disappointed me once, my friend, by paying me  
that money. I don't want to be disappointed again!'"

Mattie Earle replaces Alice Hastings in the company  
of Roland Reed.

Alice Hastings, by the way, did not, in her will, leave  
her money to her husband, but to her "dear friend"  
Roland Reed.

Rudolph Aronson, besides introducing improved  
chairs with opera glasses attached into his pretty  
Casino, is hard at work putting the finishing touches  
to his operette "Captain Kidd."

"Yes," said he, "I feel in a particularly happy frame  
of mind. Indeed, if I were not afraid of hearing the  
chestnut gone, I would hum that little ditty from 'The  
Pirates of Penzance,' which goes:

"Away, away!  
Yes, yes; we go.  
These pirates slay.  
Yes, yes; we go.  
Then why all this delay?  
All right; we go!"

"You see, my prosecution of those pirates who stole  
Erminie put me in a bellicose yet hopeful mood.  
When a thing is good there are always people around  
to capture it. I have had as many as five, six suits—  
law suits, I mean—on hand against gentlemen who  
play my Casino success under various aliases. In the  
second place, my thoughts wander pirate-ward because  
I have quite finished the score of my operette, 'Capt.  
Kidd,' to which Sims is now writing the book. The new  
operette will be produced here. Hearing pirates, and  
thinking of pirates and fighting pirates so long, I have  
become quite imbued with the black flag, skull and  
cross-bone spirit. I am not as ferocious as I speak,  
however. I am only a humble New Yorker, age thirty-  
one, who employs 400 people and tries to give the peo-  
ple their money's worth." Then Mr. Aronson walked  
away, and I caught the couplets diminishing in the  
corridors:

"Yes, yes; we go.  
These pirates slay.  
All right; we go!"

Bellew and Potter made their joint appearance here  
at Palmer's last week.

They kept a fashion-  
able audience "Twixt  
Axe and Crown" for two  
hours and a half.

Mrs. Potter wore  
sumptuous gowns as  
the maiden princess.

Mr. Bellew struck  
pretty poses as her  
lover.

Miss Helen Bancroft  
was a conscientiously  
noisy as the queen.

Mr. Sternroyd, as a courtier, looked inanely foppish  
on badly-padded legs.

About a year ago Madame Modjeska advised Mrs.  
Potter to go home to her loving husband and children  
and not try to act.

Was the advice cruel or prompted by jealousy?  
In view of Mrs. Potter's work in this play, this was  
really good, honest advice.

But, we suppose, it's too late.

Mrs. Potter has invested in too many dresses to think  
of leaving the stage.

In the cast of "Twixt Axe and Crown" two perform-  
ers were especially notable for good work.

One was Mr. B. F. Horning, who played the part of  
Sir Thomas Wyatt with great artistic effect, but in a coat  
and a wig that didn't fit him.

The other was Miss Alice Butler, who appeared natu-  
ral and pretty as the warden's daughter.

The gentlemen and ladies of the court were sadly  
suggestive of more plebeian resorts than the royal  
ante-rooms.

They really looked as though they formed a part of  
the motley army of Sir John Falstaff.

There has been a great debate going on in certain  
circles last week  
whether Uncle Sam or  
John Bull wears an  
evening dress suit with  
better grace on the  
stage. Some maintain  
that Americans on the  
boards don't know how  
to wear a dress suit.

They cite Barrymore,  
Sothern, Kecey, Wheat-  
croft, and tell us that we  
have no one on this side  
of the water to compete  
with them in wearing  
full dress black. These  
advocates of John Bull  
seem to forget Bob Hil-  
liard, and Jack Mason,  
and Miller Kent, and Horace Vinton, and Edmund  
Price. Joseph Haworth looks ill at ease in a claw-  
hammer, and so does Joseph Wheelock, but there are  
ten leading men that I could cite that equal the im-  
ported articles. Osmond Tearle certainly knows how  
to look well in evening attire, and so does Barrymore;

and that recalls a story that has no particular relevancy  
to the question at issue.

An enthusiastic theatrical man was describing to  
Maurice Barrymore, the other evening in his dressing  
room, some of the experiences of Osmond Tearle in  
England, when he was starting through the country.  
He told how, on the actor's first visit to Portsmouth,  
his performances were very meagrely attended, in fact,  
the biggest audience numbered only some thirty or  
forty people. But Mr. Tearle made a very favorable  
impression on this limited representation and went  
away with the most unequivocal endorsements from  
the Portsmouth press and this small division of the  
great public.

"When he came back again," said the speaker im-  
pressively, "and appeared at the Portsmouth Theatre,  
he couldn't get the people in!"

"That," remarked Mr. Barrymore quietly, "was the  
trouble at first, wasn't it?"

I saw Campanini, the tenor, stand on the corner of  
Union Square the other  
afternoon and ogled the  
girls. He is home from  
his little starring adven-  
ture, and consoles him-  
self for any little disap-  
pointments by watching  
the pretty faces and  
shapely ankles of the  
girls that pass him and  
recognize him. Campa-  
nini is now fat and  
oleaginous, but he cer-  
tainly deserves his looks  
at the girls, for did he  
not often give them a  
full look at him in  
skin tights and short  
kilt? When he sees a  
woman who lifts the  
skirt discreetly, discov-  
ering just the slightest hint of dark-colored hosiery,  
his artistic sense is doubtless touched, and he caresses  
the idea as he would a high note and gesticu-  
lates to a friend as though enthusiastic over a dish of  
macaroni. What artists, to be sure, are the women  
who know how to manage their skirts so as to raise an  
interrogation, but never to answer it!

Speaking of skirts reminds me that Letty Lind, the  
dancing fairy of the London Gaiety Company, is en-  
gaged to be married to Reginald Pell, a rich property  
owner in Australia, and this is her last season as  
terpsichorean apparition of loveliness.

Wilton Lackaye, the leading man with the fine figure,  
the cherub face and the eye glasses, is married to  
Annie Lewis, the soubrette.

Louise Montague and Fay Templeton are both in  
Paris.

Charles Bowser makes what little laughter there is in  
"She," and Laura Clement and Tollula Evans furnish  
the electric sparks and the tears.

Kate Davis, as the servant in Hoyt's "Tin Soldier,"  
Isabelle Coe, as the lady; Beasie Grey, as the im-  
pudent next door girl, did well.

Eugene Canfield played *Rats*, of course, and Mike  
Kelly, the ball player, was an extra attraction in one  
of the minor parts.

Marie Cahill dances prettily.  
Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" is reported to go  
big at Boston Museum.

"Do you expect to go to heaven?" asked old Miss  
Priscilla of Howard the other day.

"Certainly," was the dramatist's prompt response.  
"What! you really believe that a man who writes  
pieces for the stage can be saved?"

"To be sure. One of the first things I learned at Sun-  
day-school was, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they  
shall be called the children of God.'"

Phoebe McAllister is no longer a rival of Sarah Bern-  
hardt.

Isabella Irving is popular with the patrons of Daly.  
Gypsy Alcott is playing rough soubrette in "Fonda"  
with Captain Jack Crawford.

I passed a pleasant evening looking at "The Little  
Tycoon" of Mr. Willard  
Spencer down at the  
Windsor last week.

It's a good show.  
The music, the libret-  
to, the costumes and the  
scenery are all good.

It's a clever satire, is  
"The Little Tycoon," on  
foreign noblemen visit-  
ing the United States,  
a clever skit against  
their native admirers.  
It has a plot, which is  
more than can be said  
of lots of other oper-  
ettes now in vogue, and  
it has a motive.

There is, perhaps, a little too much of what smacks  
of the city of brooms and brotherly love in it, but it  
will do.

Mr. Seabrooke, as *General Knickerbocker*, looked the  
part and sang a good topical song.

Aldrich Libby, as the broker, and J. F. McGovern, as  
the lord, both in love with *Knickerbocker's* daughter,  
*Violet*, were first-rate in their roles.

Jos. Mealey, as his lordship's valet, made a hit.

Lloyd Wilson, as the broker's friend, gave proof of  
possessing a fine voice.

The night I was there Miss Linyard, the prima donna  
playing *Violet*, was ill.

Her part was taken by a young woman whose name,  
I believe, is Purroy, and who looked placidly pretty  
and sang well in the lower register, but was off on the  
upper.

Put a little more expression into your face, young  
lady; don't look all the while as though you were tak-  
ing it easy in a hammock.

Marie Sanger was decidedly good as giddy, old-maid-  
ish *Miss Hurricane*, but Elvie Crox, as *Dolly Dimple*, a  
romp of a girl, was a disappointment.

Miss Crox has been considerably boomed and puffed  
of late, I notice. I regret to state, therefore, that she  
shines neither as a singer or a dancer, and the praise  
that has been lavished on her in some venal sheets is  
undeserved.

There was a little girl on the right of the stage, Laura  
Rudwell, who had more grace in a minute than Miss  
Crox has in an hour.

A soubrette without grace as a dancer and voice as a  
singer is an anomaly.

It is a phenomenon as absurd as Nat Goodwin trying  
to play like Edwin Booth, or Lawrence Barrett attempt-  
ing to twist himself like Baggesen.

And it is as useless an article as a palm-leaf fan on a  
toboggan slide.

ROSEN.

Send 25 cents to this office for THE COCKERS' GUIDE, the best  
book ever published in reference to game cocks, their care, man-  
agement, etc., in and out of the pit.



## McAULIFFE CONQUERED.

Peter Jackson, the Australian, Whips the 'Frisco Giant.



Peter Jackson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20, 1888.

The Jackson and McAuliffe battle was decided to-night. It was a Waterloo, for the 'Frisco Giant, the wonder, who was to beat the world in the fist arena, was defeated in 24 rounds by Richard K. Fox rules.

An enormous crowd filled the rooms, and there must have been 2,000 present. The betting has ranged from \$100 to \$300 to-night, chiefly taken by Australian tourists, to 3 to 1 in favor of McAuliffe. Both were in prime condition, and everybody believes the winner can successfully try for the world's championship.

McAuliffe was seconded by Barney Farley and Joe Bowers, while Sam Fitzpatrick and Tom Meadows seconded Jackson. The gloves weighed 4½ ounces. McAuliffe's weight was 230 pounds, and Jackson's 205.

ROUND 1—The men sparred cautiously at first, when McAuliffe sent out his right and caught Jackson lightly on the ear. This was followed by an interchange of sharp blows. McAuliffe made several heavy lunges and got on Jackson's neck heavily, which the latter countered, and the round closed.

2—McAuliffe led with left, but fell short. Jackson countered him, catching him square in the breast. Hot fighting and several clinches followed. Jackson next struck McAuliffe on the ear and caused the blood to flow. The round was generally in Jackson's favor.

3—There was some very heavy hitting by both at close range in this round, and the Australian was punished somewhat severely. McAuliffe caught him once on the side of the head, which caused him to stagger across the ring. Jackson struck out terrifically, but fell short.

4—The men sparred cautiously for a full minute, when McAuliffe led savagely, but Jackson escaped by jumping aside. Jackson returned a light one on McAuliffe, which the latter returned.



RUBBING JACKSON DOWN.

5—Jackson opened the round by getting in a light blow on McAuliffe's forehead. He followed this up quickly and forced McAuliffe against the ropes. He then chased the big Californian around the ring at a lively rate, but did little damage.

6—Jackson had so far displayed wonderful quickness. In this round he struck McAuliffe several staggering blows on the head and forced him against the ropes. He also succeeded in jumping back quick enough to avoid several vicious blows which were aimed at his head.

7—The men retained the utmost good humor and would smile every time an advantage was gained by either. In this round McAuliffe got one swinging blow on Jackson's chin, which the latter returned. Very little was done during the round.

8—The previous light round had rested the men somewhat, and they opened the eighth in a lively manner. Jackson caught McAuliffe in the stomach twice and was apparently directing his blows to that spot. Jackson continued to force his adversary around the ring and had by far the best of the round.

9—There was no reason to believe at this point that the fight would come to a close very soon. No particular damage had been done by either, though Jackson had the best of it so far. He continued to drive his right at McAuliffe's head, but the blows were light.

10—Jackson again forced the fighting and pounded McAuliffe several times in the face. The latter returned them, and caught Jackson on the neck, which caused the colored man to slip to the floor.

11—McAuliffe's eyes were beginning to puff up slightly and his ear was still bleeding. Jackson appeared none the worse for the bout. He continued to pound McAuliffe in the ribs, but the latter did not seem to be much annoyed by it. Two hard blows in the face were interchanged and the round closed. The audience was

enthusiastic over the black's gentlemanly fighting, and he was freely backed.

12—Both men evidently were getting a little wind and hardly a pass was made by either throughout the round.

13—A repetition of the twelfth; nothing done.

14—Jackson caught McAuliffe lightly on the chin and again in the throat, the latter knocking him against the ropes. McAuliffe looked for an opening, but the scientific Australian did not seem inclined to give him one.

15—Jackson forced the fighting and pounded McAuliffe on the ribs and gave him one hard rap on the nose, which he followed up with several others. Jackson appeared to think he had the Californian whipped and continued to force him around the ring. McAuliffe's eyesight was failing, but otherwise he was seemingly pretty fresh. Jackson at this point was thought to have a good chance of winning by many of McAuliffe's friends.

16—Jackson opened the round with two right-handers on McAuliffe's nose, which he followed up well. McAuliffe led savagely several times, but Jackson jumped aside quickly and escaped the blows.

17—McAuliffe caught Jackson lightly on the jaw, but the latter returned it well, and rained half a dozen hard ones on McAuliffe's head, which seemed to daze the latter a little.

From this on to the end of the contest McAuliffe grew weak and Jackson showed increasing confidence and a good deal of strength. He fought with great determination and courage, and at the end of the 24th round, by a well-directed blow, knocked out the pride of the Pacific slugs. It was a great surprise, but the lack won the battle fairly and honorably.

This important match was arranged by the directors of the California Athletic Club shortly after Joe McAuliffe defeated Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant.

After the excitement of the McAuliffe and Conley battle had subsided, the directors of the California Athletic Club offered a purse of \$3,000 for any pugilist in England or America to meet McAuliffe, but there was no response from either Kilrain, Sullivan or any other heavy-weight.

It could not be expected that either Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, or John L. Sullivan would consent to journey to San Francisco to run the risk of winning or losing for \$3,000 or \$5,000, when they could



McAULIFFE BURSTS THE BAG.

make twice that amount by giving boxing exhibitions east.

In the meantime Peter Jackson, who is engaged by the club to teach boxing, agreed to meet McAuliffe, and the arrangements were made for the giants to meet in a contest with small gloves according to Richard K. Fox rules, which the directors of the California Athletic Club endorse, because there can be no draw, unless the principals meet with an accident, are incapacitated from continuing the conflict, or one or the other is injured.

After the match was arranged McAuliffe went into training under Barney Farley, and the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent thus wrote about the 'Frisco Giant's peculiar way of training:

Joe and the bag were found on the lower floor of a commodious barn. It happened to be breathing time between the second and third round, so Joe extended his hand and welcomed the visitors.

"Time!" called the aristocratic watch holder, and Joe advanced toward the still quivering leather ball. Biff, bangs, and away went the leather sphere in wild flight toward the ceiling.

The fifth round was an unusually hot one, and in the middle of a piece of lively work Joe hit the bag such a wicked right-hander that the leather thong attaching it to the swivel in the ceiling parted, and the bag dropped.

The ever-watchful Barney asked, "What's the matter, Joe?"

"The strap's rotten," replied the champion modestly.

"Get another bag."

An examination, however, showed that the strap was perfectly sound, and that it was pure driving power that had caused the break.

A small bag, not larger than a five-year-old child's head, was hung, and Joe vented his spite on it for three rounds. He proved himself equally as apt with the little bag as with the large one, and the manner in which he caused it to gyrate was wonderful to behold.



JACKSON DISCUSSING FUGILISM WITH CALIFORNIA SPORTING MEN.

The exercise over, the champion retired to his dressing apartment with his trainer, and soon he was heard splashing in his salt water tub bath. In due time he reappeared, clad in the habiliments of every-day life, and he politely accepted the reporter's invitation to

If you want to learn all about card playing send for THE POLICE GAZETTE CARD PLAYER, which is the most complete book to be had on the subject. Price 25 cents.

take a seat on a grindstone and chat about his mode of training.

"Well," said Joe, "I jump out of bed, as a rule, at 7 o'clock in the morning, and the first thing I do is to walk a mile."

"The first thing?"

"Well, no, like Jackson, I take a sherry and egg first."

"And then?"

"And then after the walk I have breakfast. My next move is to groom my trotter, Mary O., and when I have got her to my way of thinking I feel I have had more exercise than dumbbells could give me. At 9 o'clock I start out for a tramp over the hills. I always take my Irish setter, Sport, with me, and occasionally I take my gun."

"Do you ever shoot anything?"

"I nearly shot the dog one day, and since that I'm careful not to take any cartridges," was the reply, made in a musing manner.

"Then why do you carry the gun?" was asked.

"Force of habit I suppose. I expect I would be just as well off if I carried an ax."



McAULIFFE'S LADY ADMIRERS.

"Well, go on with your programme."

"All right. In my walk I cover about 12 miles, and I generally get back at noon in a good perspiration. Then comes my bath and rub-down with some flesh tonic, of which only Barney and some Mission chemist have the secret."

"At 1 o'clock I have lunch, and after that a rest. At 3 o'clock Barney and I put on the gloves for three or four rounds, and he keeps me going lively enough to start the perspiration. I then punch the bag for eight rounds, and after that I have my plunge bath in salt water, and a thorough rub-down and soaking with the professor's spirituous compound."

"During the afternoon I keep on the move, sometimes walking, sometimes sprinting, and, by the way, I wish you would state that I have improved a quarter of a second in a hundred yards, and can now make 10½ look foolish. I also work the pulling machine for arm exercise, and so beguile the time until the supper bell rings at 6 o'clock."

"After supper I take things comparatively easy, but I walk a mile before I go to bed at nine o'clock."

"And how do you feel generally?"

"I never felt better in my life."

"And your weight?"

"I weighed 230 when I started training. I weigh now 223 in my walking clothes, and expect to weigh 212 in the ring when I meet Jackson."

Jackson, the colored gladiator, trained under a well-known mentor. He weighed 300 pounds when he commenced work, and reduced himself about six pounds. In a letter Jack Hallahan, who is a great admirer of Jackson, describes the way Jackson trains, as stated by the pugilist himself:



TAKING A TWELVE-MILE TRAMP.

"I rise in the morning at seven o'clock, and the first thing I look for is a glass of sherry with an egg beat up in it. I then exercise with the dumbbells for a while, after which I take a short walk, and breakfast at eight o'clock. At ten o'clock I start for a walk to San Leandro and back; making in all about eight miles. Then I have my bath and rub down, and after that fight the bag and then lunch. At three o'clock I go for a stroll and return at four o'clock, when I punch the bag for from a half to three-quarters of an hour. Then another rub down and a rest until six o'clock, when I have supper. I take another walk after that and go to bed at nine o'clock."

## STARTLING ABUSES IN A PEST HOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A secret meeting of the Board of Health of Syracuse, N. Y., was held Friday night, from which reporters were excluded. Exposures of the most shocking character were made by Mayor Kirk and Health Officer Dr. John W. Vanduyne. The utmost pains were taken to insure strict secrecy. It was feared that the exposures that were to be made might give the public the impression that the city is on the verge of a smallpox epidemic. The exposures, too, were of such an outrageous character that it was thought best to cover them up. The facts, however, leaked out, and the Health Officer and members of the Board talked freely of the disclosures that were made at the meeting.

Dr. Vanduyne opened the meeting by declaring that the City Hospital, or pest house, as it is more familiarly known, had become the scene of the grossest abuses. He accused the nurses of being drunkards and wholly incapable of caring for the two smallpox patients now at the hospital. It was alleged that patients had been chained to their beds by the inhuman attendants.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



William M. Rapsheer.

The striking likeness of the talented District Attorney of Carbon county, Pa., will be seen above. He was born April 23, 1843, and after graduating from college enlisted in the army. He was elected to the position he now so ably fills in 1883. District Attorney Rapsheer will conduct the prosecution for the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in the cases against the conductors, engineers, flagmen and others, now under arrest for criminal negligence in causing the great accident on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Mud Run, Oct. 10, which was graphically illustrated in a double-page of the POLICE GAZETTE at the time, and by which accident fifty-five were instantly killed and nine have since died.

Robert H. Crum.

Until recently manager of Dun's Mercantile Agency at Williamsport, Pa., was last week jailed at that place on the charge of embezzling from the company named some \$2,400. If all is true that is told concerning Crum, he is a most precious rascal.

## Mrs. Sarah Jane Whiteling.

Judge Allison, in the new court house at Philadelphia, Pa., on Saturday, overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Mrs. Sarah Jane Whiteling, who was recently convicted of murder in the first degree in poisoning her husband and two little children, and sentenced the prisoner to be hanged.

Cora Tanner.

Cora Tanner, whose fair face graces our dramatic gallery this week, made her debut in the West, made a hit in "Alone in London," and now in "Fascination" wins plaudits from many audiences in all parts of the country. Miss Tanner is known in private life as Mrs. Col. Sign, and is a lady of rare personal charms and intellectual acquirements.

Prado,

The murderer of Marie Aguetant, his mistress, was guillotined in the Place de la Roquette, Paris, France, on Dec. 23. He preserved a firm demeanor to the last. He refused to make a confession, and also declined the services of the chaplain. He also refused to disclose his real name. The interest awakened in the criminal has been worldwide. He is said to have committed many other murders besides the one for which he suffered death.

Hugh J. Grant.

Our 4th page this week is embellished with the pleasing portrait of New York city's able and popular Mayor, Hugh J. Grant. Mr. Grant's ability as a municipal officer has been fully demonstrated. He has never been found wanting in honesty, integrity and official capacity.

As an Alderman, he was conspicuous for his fidelity to his constituents, and the administration of his Sheriffalty was marked with a keen conception of the duties to be performed.

## DARING EXPRESS ROBBERY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bob Johnson, express messenger on the car of the east-bound overland train which was robbed on Wednesday night near Truckee, Cal., says that he was sitting at his desk, and his helper was assorting out packages to be left at Colfax. Suddenly the glass transoms over two doors, one on each side of the car, were broken simultaneously, and two revolvers were thrust through, covering both messengers.

Johnson was compelled to open the door and let one of the robbers in, being ordered to keep one hand up. The other robber reached inside and unlatched the door, letting himself in. He then covered the messenger, while the first robber took from the safe all the coin packages, which he placed in a game pouch slung across his shoulders. The robbers then jumped from the train.

## A FATAL ACCIDENT SPOILED THE FUN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Geneva, Ill., John M. Stillwell was impersonating Santa Claus at a church festival. His costume caught fire from a candle and Stillwell was fatally burned. There was quite a panic in the church, several women and children being badly bruised in the scramble for the door.

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York city, will receive the recipe free of charge.





HUGH J. GRANT,  
NEW YORK CITY'S NEW INCUMBENT OF THE MAYORALTY SEAT, A MOST GENIAL  
AND POPULAR GENTLEMAN.



CORA TANNER,  
THE DASHING AND BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS, WHOSE WORK IN "FASCINATION"  
IS MUCH ADMIRER.



SUICIDE OR MURDER?  
FINDING OF THE BODY OF A STRANGE MAN IN THE CLEFT OF A ROCK NEAR  
STONY POINT, NEW YORK.



DARING EXPRESS ROBBERY.  
BRIGANDS BOARD A TRAIN NEAR TRUCKEE, CAL., AND COMPEL THE EXPRESS  
MESSENGER TO SHELL OUT HIS DUCATS.



THEY GOT EVEN WITH HIM.  
THE THRASHING MRS. RIPLEY AND MRS. DEWESE GAVE PASTEL ARTIST CARSON  
AT DENVER, COL., IN REVENGE FOR AN INSULT.



BRUTAL CRIME BY RED MEN.  
HOW BENJAMIN SWIFT, A PROSPECTOR, WAS MURDERED BY INDIANS ON THE  
NAYAJO RESERVATION NEAR TOMBSTONE, ARIZ.





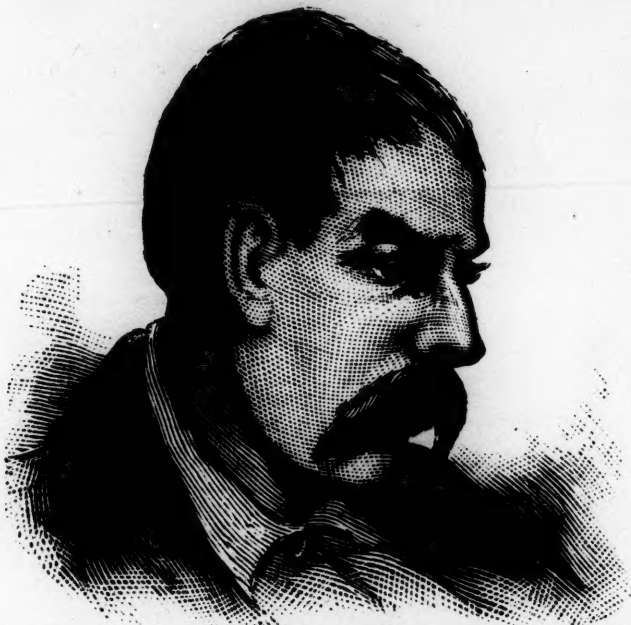
KILLED THE MASTER.

HOW THOMAS MCCONNELLY, A YOUNG SCHOOL TEACHER, MET HIS DEATH NEAR WICHITA, KAN., WHILE TRYING TO SUBDUCE AN UNRULY PUPIL.



A FATAL ACCIDENT SPOILED THE FUN.

THE SHOCKING DEATH OF JOHN M. STILLWELL WHILE IMPERSONATING SANTA CLAUS AT A CHRISTMAS GATHERING AT GENEVA, ILL.



PRADO,

THE FAMOUS CRIMINAL GUILLOTINED IN PARIS, FRANCE, FOR THE MURDER OF MARIE AGUETANT



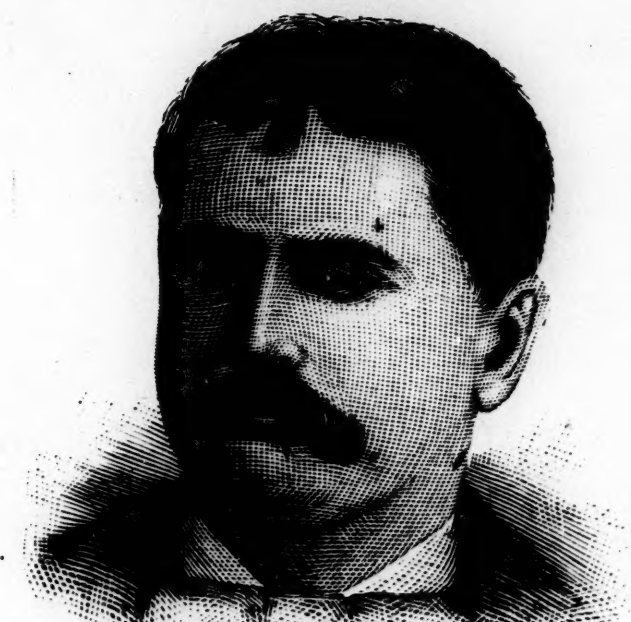
STARTLING ABUSES IN A PEST HOUSE.

HOW THE NURSES IN A SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, HOSPITAL CHAIN SUFFERERS TO THEIR BEDS AND GET DRUNK ON STOLEN WHISKEY.



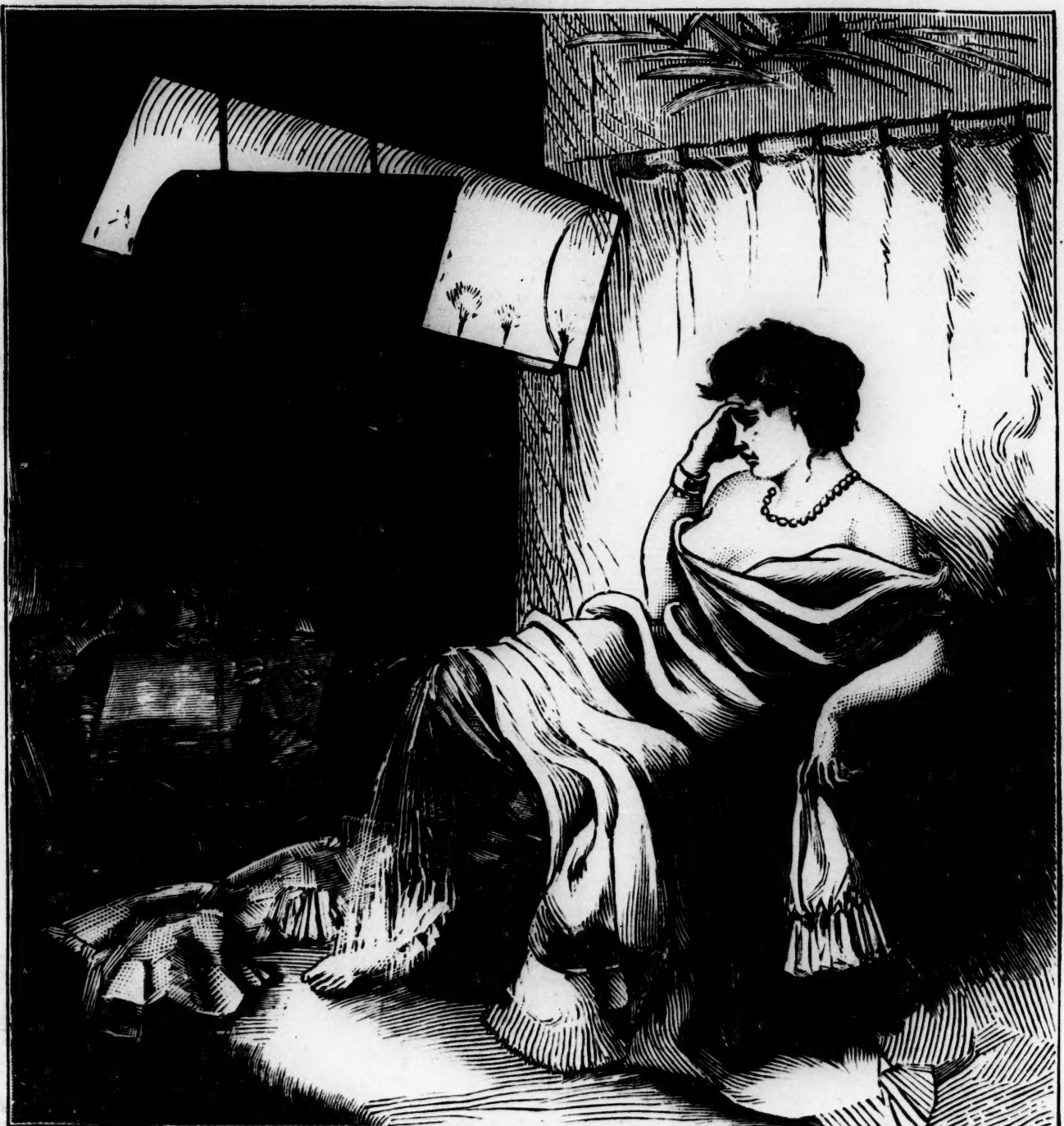
MRS. SARAH JANE WHITELING,

SENTENCED TO HANG AT PHILADELPHIA, PA., FOR THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.



ROBERT H. CRUM,

THE EX-MANAGER OF A MERCANTILE AGENCY AT WILLIAMSPORT, PA., RECENTLY JAILED FOR EXTENSIVE SWINDLING.



SHE PAID THE BET.

A WELL KNOWN SOCIETY LADY SETTLES AN ELECTION WAGER BY POSING BEFORE AN ARTIST AS A MODEL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



# STEW, IRISH AND OTHERWISE.

McGinnis's Typewriter--Cap-  
tain Fitzpatrick's Christ-  
mas Visitor.

ELECTION BET CRANKS.

A Philadelphia Sensation--Cheap  
Bed and Board.

A FINE OLD ALABAMA GENTLEMAN.

An Amateur Mormon---Philanthropy  
at a Discount.

There was no earthly reason that Mrs. Mary Anna McGinnis should get in a stew over the attentions her husband paid to his typewriter. These sort of things will occur in the best regulated business offices where the typewriter is a woman and pretty. Nevertheless, Mrs. McGinnis allowed her temper to get the



HE WAS SPOONING ON THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

best of her discretion, and the result is that there is a bloody chasm in the McGinnis family and a bloody typewriter in the hospital. And it all came about because McGinnis made a mistake in his Christmas presents.

Mr. Archibald Heade McGinnis is engaged in the importing business in this city. He imports objects of wearing apparel for ladies and does a snug and profitable trade. It may be imagined how snug and profitable it is from the fact that Mr. Archibald Heade McGinnis resides on one of the most fashionable cross-streets of New York, and that his wife wears seal-skins and diamonds when she goes riding in her own carriage.

For many years Archibald Heade McGinnis conducted his own business correspondence. When modern inventiveness created the arts of stenography and typewriting, he began to see his way clear to an easier method of letter writing. He purchased a pretty typewriter, hired a pretty young woman to operate it, and prepared to take things easier than he ever had in his life before.

But man proposes and his wife disposes, when she feels like it, that is.

Just before Christmas Mrs. McGinnis expressed a burning desire to become the possessor of a certain diamond bracelet which she had seen at Tiffany's, and Mr. McGinnis promised her the pleasure of owning it, as a souvenir of the holidays. At about the same time the pretty typewriter gave utterance to her cherished wish for a couple of special sets of newly imported French silk underclothing, which she had seen while shopping, and Mr. McGinnis, in consideration of her devotion to duty while in his employ, pledged himself that she should enjoy this acquisition.

Thus far it had been plain sailing. A diamond bracelet could not have been mixed up with a suit of French silk underclothing assuredly. All that Mr. Archibald Heade McGinnis had to do was to remember that the bracelet was for his wife and the underclothing for his typewriter and all would be well.

Unfortunately for Mr. McGinnis the sport of fate here took the job in hand. When he had purchased the two presents, and had each neatly done up, he entrusted them to a district messenger for delivery. The one at his own house and the other at the house where the pretty typewriter boarded. And the district messenger—

But you can imagine what the district messenger did when I state that at 3 P. M. on that fateful day, just as Mrs. Mary Anna McGinnis was about to set out for her afternoon drive, a package was handed her which, on being opened, proved to contain two complete sets of French silk underclothing and a card inscribed: "To Gertie, from her loving Mac."

Mrs. McGinnis did not drive in the park that day. She drove downtown instead, and at the critical moment, when Mr. Archibald Heade McGinnis was dictating a kiss upon the lips of his pretty typewriter, preparatory to escorting her upon her walk uptown, Mrs. Mary Anna McGinnis, assisted by a quart bottle of ink, undertook to express upon the pretty typewriter's golden head her disapproval of her levity.

DOG FIRM. Published at this office, tells everything about the training and management of fighting dogs. Price, 25 cents.

There will be no typewriter employed in Mr. McGinnis's office in the future: at least, not until Mrs. McGinnis has been granted her divorce.

Meanwhile, Mrs. McGinnis wears French silk underclothing, and Gertie has a handsome diamond bracelet of Tiffany's best make to pawn in case she should run a little short of cash during her convalescence.

Fiction has invented a great many pathetic Christmas episodes. The imagination of the novelist has exhausted itself upon the sentiment and pathos of the holiday season. But when human nature and cold facts step in, romance is certain to be discounted.

They have done themselves credit in Chicago in this guise.

As Police Capt. Fitzpatrick, who has the reputation



POLICE CAPT. FITZPATRICK AND THE HOODLUM.

among his associates of being the sternest officer on the Chicago force, was sitting in the station house of his precinct the day before Christmas, an incident occurred which moved the usually impassionate and stern man almost to tears. Along in the afternoon a dirty-faced little chap about five years of age, and clad in rags, shuffled into the station house, and approaching the desk, asked, falteringly:

"Are you the Chief 'o Police?"

"No," answered the rather puzzled captain, "but I am an officer. What is it that you want?"

"When kin a feller go out to de Bridewell?"

"Why, any time," replied the captain, "but what do you want to go to jail for?"

"I don't want to go to jail," answered the youngster, "but me brudder Moike has just bin sint up for three weeks, and me mudder wanted me ter go out ter see him to-day and wish him a merry Christmas."

"How old is your brother?" asked Capt. Fitzpatrick, "and what was he sent up for?"

"He's eleven," said the little fellow, "and he was sint up fer stealin' pigeons."

The captain caught the boy up in his arms, and, carrying him over to the Mayor's office, told the story to His Honor and pleaded for a pardon for Michael Jones, a prisoner sent to the Bridewell for stealing pigeons. The Mayor granted the pardon, and the big-hearted captain, handing it to Michael's brother, said:

"There, my little man, you needn't go out to the Bridewell. Your brother can keep Christmas at home."

Fifth avenue, on Christmas day, was treated to an unusual exhibition of style. One of the most conspicuous ornaments of that aristocratic thoroughfare—a Wall street broker, whose fetching blond mustache and elegant attire wreak havoc among feminine promenaders—appeared upon the scene of his daily triumphs clad in a dirty linen duster and a dilapidated white high hat.

In an instant parlor windows were filled with grinning spectators, and every clubhouse along the street contributed its quota of stargers, while the crowd out-



"SICK HIM, SNAPPER."

side encouraged the intrepid pedestrian with lusty salutations.

He pulled nervously at his blonde mustache, but kept on his way until an enthusiastic admirer, who had his bulldog out for an airing, released that animal and remarked,

"Sick him, Snapper."

Before Snapper could obey the man in the duster and the white hat had got half a block the start of him. Then the avenue woke up. Some one added to the confusion by yelling "stop thief," and when the blonde-mustached man dove headlong into the barroom of a hotel near the Union Club, six stalwart policemen and a raging mob followed him.

"I arrest you in the name of the law," said the six policemen at once.

"I guess not," replied the man in the duster. "A fellow has a right to pay an election bet without having dogs sicked on him and being sent to the cooler, hasn't he?"

The officers assented and the man in the white hat stood the drinks. He will think several times, he says, before he bets on an election again, and if he loses he will compromise for cash.

Talking of election bets, a man over in Williamsburgh undertook to drink forty large glasses of beer a day for forty days, said potatoes to be paid for by the other man, if Harrison was elected. He is now drinking the forty schooners a day, and the other man, as

he pays his \$2 per diem over to the bartender, sadly wonders where the fun comes in, anyhow.

Another man, in Jersey City, agreed with his barber as follows: If Cleveland was elected, the barber was to shave his customer for a year for nothing. If Harrison was elected, the customer was to allow his beard to grow for a year. The customer's beard is now in a flourishing condition, and the barber is commencing to wonder how much he has made by winning a bet and losing a customer in the operation.

Philadelphia is generally regarded as a pretty sleepy town, but it wakes up once in a while, and when it does it wakes up all over. It experienced such a convulsion last Saturday, and has hardly got over it yet.

The occasion of this moral earthquake was a youthful member of a prominent club, who took it into his head to treat his fellow townsmen to a surprise. For this purpose he procured from an accommodating costumer the stuffed effigy of a human being with a most life-like mask, which picturesque and deceptive contrivance he calmly suspended from his front bedroom window on Rittenhouse Square, in the most fashionable quarter of the city, by a cord, one end of which was attached to the dummy's neck and the other to a nail inside the window.

The result was not long in being arrived at.

The horror-stricken passers-by, one after another, recognized the dreadful object depending from the window. Within ten minutes the aristocratic square was filled with a wild mob, that yelled: "Cut him down!" "Cut him loose!" "Burst the door in!" and the like. Some even swore that the man was yet alive, and screamed for the police to come and rescue him.

When the crowd had grown quite frantic somebody brought a ladder, but before it could be set up against the house the frolicsome clubman appeared at the window with a big revolver in each hand and threatened to shoot the first person that approached.

This drove the mob raving mad, and a rush was made for the door of the house. It was promptly opened by a frightened servant, but the venturesome jester was not there. He had escaped through the back yard just in time to save his life.

All the maddened Philadelphians got for their pains was the stuffed figure, and they were so angry that it was not a real man that they tore it piecemeal on the spot.



THE DUMMY THAT DROVE A PHILADELPHIA MOB WILD.

This exciting and vulgar event, I am assured, created such commotion among the select residents of Rittenhouse Square that property in that erst choice locality has depreciated 25 per cent.

Baltimore is a great town for story telling. Story telling is, in fact, the chief amusement of its citizens, combined in discreet proportions with cocktails, smashes and other forms of alcoholic refreshment, mixed and straight.

One evening last week a choice gathering of veteran sports were assembled in a popular Baltimore resort. Several thousand yards of yarn had been spun, and the second cask of Maryland rye was on tap, when a stranger entered. He was long and lean and lank, and shabby in his attire, and had an expression of acute thirst and intense hunger on his emaciated visage.

"That's a pretty good story," he coolly said to one of the company, when he concluded the narrative he had in hand. "But it's an internal lie."

The insulted Baltimorean jumped up and grabbed his chair by the back. The stranger whacked him over the head with a spittoon. Then there was a free fight till the police came in and arrested the stranger, who



THE BALTIMOREAN WAS INSULTED.

next day was committed to the county jail for three months.

"That will fetch me into beautiful spring," he re-

THE HISTORY OF THE WHITECHAPL MURDERS, just out, price, 25 cents, can be had from this office. Don't fail to read the story of these remarkable crimes.

marked as he was being led away. "I thought the trick would work."

If there is an easier and more expeditious way to get three months board and lodging free I would certainly like to know what it is.

Sylvanus Macomber is a planter of the sovereign State of Alabama. Matthew Murchison is a cotton buyer who travels through the State purchasing crops of cotton for a Mobile house. One evening about a week ago Matthew Murchison rode up to Sylvanus Macomber's house to do some business and get shelter for the night.

He found Sylvanus engaged in the cheerful employ-



HE PROCEEDED TO CARVE HIM WITH A BOWIE KNIFE.

ment of beating Mrs. Macomber on the bare back with a cart whip. Mrs. Macomber being tied up by the wrists to one of the posts of the front piazza.

When Matthew Murchison remonstrated with Sylvanus Macomber against this violent assertion of his marital privileges, Sylvanus requested him to emigrate to a spot where they never see a blizzard, and upon his polite but firm refusal to do so proceeded to carve him up with a bowie knife.

When Sylvanus got through what was left of Matthew Murchison would have made first-class dog meat. After securing this termination to his powers of authority, Sylvanus went back to the front porch and finished beating Mrs. Macomber, while some of the negroes shoveled Matthew together and deposited him for his eternal rest in a dry hog wallow in the front yard.

News travels slowly in the arcanian civilization of Alabama, and the authorities have just found out what has become of Matthew Murchison. Meantime, Sylvanus Macomber has departed for parts unknown, taking Mrs. Macomber and his cart whip with him.

It never pays a man to interfere in another man's family affairs, unless he gets the first drop on the other man.

There are a good many disappointed politicians in the country, but about the worst disappointed appears to be Hiram Harrison, of Iowa. Because Cleveland was elected, Hiram went out into his back yard to hang himself, and when a neighbor who saw him came and cut him down he tried to chop him up with a hatchet. It is this sort of thing which discourages a man with politics and philanthropy, don't you know.

A man with eleven wives has been discovered in Arkansas. His name is Hellen, and he would, by all accounts, seem to be worthy of it.

After he had been married about a year to his first wife, he brought his second home, to help her do the housework, as he expressed it. Since then he has kept the same game up, until he has eleven of them working to make a living for him while he sits in the sun and drinks whiskey out of a stone jug.



THE MAN WITH ELEVEN WIVES.

Hellen ought to remove to Utah. His genius is evidently wasted on the desert air of Arkansas.

HI FLYER.

IT WASN'T HIS LAST SHAVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Bert Whitmore, an employee of the Omaha road, fell ill of typhoid fever at Stillwater, Minn., several days ago, and Tuesday, to all appearances, died. An undertaker prepared the body for burial, and at the suggestion of a friend a barber was sent for to shave the corpse. The barber, on his arrival, was shown into the room where the body lay and left alone to perform his work. Whether the razor was dull or whether the barber, forgetting his surroundings, commenced to talk politics to his victim, is not known, but when he had about half completed his task Whitmore's eyes opened and he straightened himself up on the bed on which he was lying. The barber dropped his razor and bolted from the room in great alarm and told the occupants of the house what had happened. A visit to Whitmore's room disclosed the supposed dead man looking around in a bewildered way for his clothes, not knowing what had happened. A physician was at once summoned, who examined Whitmore, and announced that he would probably recover.

THEY GOT EVEN WITH HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

•DENVER, Col., Dec. 20.—A pastel artist was whipped at No. 123 Champa street last evening by Mrs. Ripley and her sister, Mrs. Deweese. Carson had made two pictures for Mrs. Ripley, and Tuesday she called to obtain the one for which she had paid. When the lady attempted to leave the room Carson locked the door and kept her a prisoner for an hour. Subsequently the two women caught the artist in a tight place and thrashed him soundly, it is said.



# HIS FOLLY.

Harry D. Schoonmaker's Liaison with Pretty Mamie Wood

## THE MOTIVE OF A CRIME.

Determined That His Beautiful Young Wife Should Never Know It.

## HE MURDERED HER.

Mrs. Edith Schoonmaker, who has lingered between life and death since her husband shot her on Sunday morning last at their home, No. 69 Bond street, Brooklyn, died Wednesday evening in the female surgical ward of the Long Island College Hospital. At the time she died her father, mother and sister were by her side. The poor victim of her husband's folly seemed to recognize all her relations, but was unable to speak to them, and she died without divulging the history of the shooting. The body was removed to the dead house, and will be taken to the residence of her mother, Mrs. Magnus, No. 14 Third street, South Brooklyn.

Coroner Rooney was notified at once of the death of Mrs. Schoonmaker, but the hospital authorities failed to notify the police of the death until quite late last night.

Thus the object that Henry D. Schoonmaker had in view when he shot his wife as she lay defenceless and trustful by his side was accomplished. He was determined that she should never know that he loved and consorted with another woman, and she didn't.

It is now definitely settled that Schoonmaker had for a long time been leading a double life; that he had formed illicit relations with another woman, and that the fear that the knowledge of his liaison would reach his wife prompted him to take her life and his own.

But for the woman who was the object of Schoonmaker's unlawful passion the motive of the crime would probably never have been known. In a moment of remorse, when her mind was overburdened by the consciousness that she had been the cause of the frightful tragedy, she told the wretched story to the relatives of Mrs. Schoonmaker, and thus the motives that actuated Schoonmaker in his terrible crime were made clear.

The name of this woman is Mamie Woods. She is nineteen years of age and boarded with her cousin, Mrs. Patterson, a widow, on the top floor of the tenement No. 232 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn. She declares that she has known Schoonmaker but a short time, but there are others who declare that her acquaintance with him is at least three years old, and that it antedated his marriage. She came from Newburgh, where she has relatives.

It was to Mrs. Schoonmaker's relatives that the Wood woman first told the story of her intimacy with young Schoonmaker. She surprised Mr. Magnus and his family by a visit to their Third street residence on Christmas Eve. She introduced herself and began to cry. She said she had made an appointment with Schoonmaker to meet him at the Brooklyn entrance to the Bridge on Monday afternoon and that while waiting for him she bought a paper and read that the man she expected was dead. She immediately repaired to the Long Island College Hospital, where she tried to tell the dying wife the story of her relations with the dead man, but Mrs. Schoonmaker remained oblivious to her cries and confessions. Then she went to the house of the Magnus family. She said she had never voluntarily submitted to Schoonmaker's overtures, but had become so attached to him that he exercised irresistible power over her. Therefore when he urged her to go on a trip to Asbury Park ten days before Christmas she went. They took a room in the Commercial Hotel, on the register of which Schoonmaker wrote his own name "and wife." She did not leave the hotel for two nights and a day, because he said that she would be seen by persons who knew his wife and that such exposure would ruin him. So she kept her room and suffered the degradation of his companionship, which he forced upon her at the muzzle of a revolver. They returned to this city on the 9:15 A. M. train on Monday, Dec. 17.

The Magnus family believed every word of the wretched girl's story. They knew that Schoonmaker's wife was one of the meekest of her sex. She never complained of her sorrowful domestic life, and only by frequent questionings had they learned how Schoonmaker deprived her of sufficient food, so harsh was his penuriousness, in order that he might have enough money to spend on himself and his pleasures. Yet he seldom abused her, for she gave him no cause. Whenever he disappeared on one of his clandestine sprees she went to her parents' home with her baby boy, and explained that Harry was out of town on business and had forgotten to leave her any money.

This story, told by Mamie Woods to the bereaved family circle, corresponded in every detail with the statements of other persons indirectly associated with the principal actors in this domestic drama. Even at the time Mrs. Magnus and her children had only sympathy for the unhappy girl, and one of the sons escorted Miss Woods to her home on Carlton avenue. Old Mr. Magnus immediately left the house and sought the advice of Police Captain Campbell, of the First Precinct, but that official told him to do nothing, except preserve secrecy.

When Miss Woods reached her home she burst into tears, and in response to Mrs. Patterson's questions she told the following story:

"I went with Harry to Asbury Park. I met him by appointment. We crossed the Annex ferry, and upon arrival at Jersey City took a train. He said his business

Read PARIS UNWILKED, a thrilling story of crime in the gay French capital. Price 25 cents. To be had from this office.

was in South Amboy. He promised me that I would be home before dark. We kept on the train until Asbury Park was reached. It was dark then. We got out and went in the Commercial Hotel. I swear I had no doubt of him up to that time. I did not think he meant me any harm. We went at once to our room. What ensued is too terrible to tell. I resisted the best I could, whereupon he produced a pistol and said that he had about made up his mind to kill the both of us.

"For God's sake, don't, Harry!" I screamed. Then he laughed, and while he kept me closely embraced

that was sure to follow its disclosure. A week ago last Friday Harry asked me for leave of absence for the next day. He said his uncle in Albany was dead and that he was going to attend his funeral. I gave him permission to go, and he promised to be at work early on Monday morning. He kept his word faithfully, and told some of his fellow clerks that he had come down on an express train. The fact was, as I have since ascertained, that his uncle was not dead, and that instead of visiting Albany, as he said, he went to Asbury Park with Mamie Woods.

Mr. Rosenfeld, of Rosenfeld & Jonas, who occupied



THE JOURNEY TO ASBURY PARK.

he removed two cartridges from the revolver right in front of my face and said, 'One of them is for you; the other for me.' After that I let him do as he pleased. Next morning—Sunday—he went out, but refused to let me accompany him, saying that his wife had been with him there last summer, and if we were seen together people would know that we were not man and wife, and that trouble would ensue. When he left I was too frightened to attempt to escape for fear he might meet me and attempt to kill me. I had no money, anyhow. Sunday night was a repetition of the horrors of the previous night, but I could do nothing to help myself. Monday morning we returned to Brooklyn.

On the way back from Asbury Park he constantly talked about committing suicide. That night I got a

note from him making an appointment for the following evening. Then he made me swear that I would never reveal a secret he was going to confide to me. 'I swore as he wanted me to. He then said: 'I am burdened with debt, running a fast pace, and only earning \$12 a week. I can see no hope of pulling out of this hole, so I am going to kill myself very soon. Whatever my fate may be, I want you to meet the same.' Next day he swore that he was going to kill himself. I was nearly crazy with terror. I advised him not to do so, but he only laughed at me. That was the last time I saw him alive.'

When Mrs. Patterson heard this story from the girl's lips she ordered her out of the house and forbade her ever crossing her threshold again.



"I RESISTED THE BEST I COULD."

Mr. S. M. Giddings, of Orley, Giddings & Co., of Nos.

224-230 Canal street, by whom young Schoonmaker was employed, said:

"Schoonmaker showed no signs of dissipation while he was with us, and the story told by Mamie Woods as to his complaining that he was deeply in debt was false as far as I know. He never borrowed a cent in the office and was never known to ask for his wages in advance. My theory is that he and the Woods woman had been intimate for a long time, and that he killed himself and tried to kill his wife to avoid the scandal

questioned by the firm to call at her house, No. 132 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, and see when she would be able to return to work. The young lady called, but Miss Woods had removed to another boarding house.

The statement of the Woods woman that Schoonmaker locked her in the bedroom of the hotel at Asbury Park is false. The key was on the inside, and the waiters of the hotel and the chambermaid were admitted to the room by the young woman. The couple were unusually attentive to each other while in the hotel dining room, and the quarrels which occurred in the bedroom came from the anger aroused in the woman because Schoonmaker went out to have a good time with his friends, leaving her in the room alone.

W. C. Barrett, the foreman in the plumbing and gas-



MRS. PATTERSON BOUNCED MAMIE.

fitting establishment of R. Charles Boeklin, Jr., on Cookman avenue, near the Commercial Hotel, was one of the three men who went out driving with Schoonmaker the Sunday afternoon he was at Asbury Park.

"He told me," said Mr. Barrett, "that he was here on a racket with a woman who passed as his wife. He said he had known her for some years and they had been intimate before his marriage. He expressed

great dread of the time when his wife should discover his wrongdoing. This idea seemed to fairly haunt him."

DOG PRS, published at this office, tells everything about the training and management of fighting dogs. Price 25 cents.

great dread of the time when his wife should discover his wrongdoing. This idea seemed to fairly haunt him."

J. H. Romain, the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel said: "The statement of Miss Woods that Schoonmaker threatened her with a loaded revolver in the bedroom is all bosh. If she had screamed for help either my wife or I would have gone to her assistance. I believed the man and woman were husband and wife."

Yesterday afternoon it was ascertained that young Schoonmaker hired a pair of skates and went skating on one of the lakes, where he flirted with several girls. There is strong proof that young Schoonmaker made an engagement some days in advance with his female companion for the trip to Asbury Park. He wrote a letter to one of his Asbury Park friends on Tuesday, December 11. It was written on one of the letter heads of Oxley, Giddings & Enos, Schoonmaker's employers, and was as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1888.  
MY DEAR FRIEND—Will you kindly direct me to a good hotel for self and wife to stop at over next Sunday? Where we were last summer on Fourth avenue is now closed, and as that was the only house I ever stopped at in the Park I will be ever so much obliged if you will direct me where there are good grub and beds, etc., at not over fifteen or twenty dollars per day. I will run in and see you Sunday if clear. An early answer will oblige.  
HARRY D. SCHOONMAKER.

Col. Schoonmaker, the father of the suicide, delivered the first political speech in Asbury Park of the campaign of this fall.

The suicide's funeral service was pronounced yesterday by Rev. Lindsay Parker in the chapel of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Peter, on State street, Brooklyn. Few members of the two afflicted families were present, although the chapel was crowded with curious strangers. The body was immediately dispatched to Haverstraw, N. Y., where it will be buried in the plot of Mr. Henry Van Winkle, Schoonmaker's uncle.

### "GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The New York Press of a recent date publishes the following:

Miss Penelope Agnes Marshall was a society belle in this city eleven years ago, when she married Frederick William Luttgen, who said he was a grandson of the late Emperor Frederick William of Prussia. The wedding was in St. Thomas' Church, and shortly after it they moved to Rutherford, N. J. Three months after the marriage Mrs. Luttgen, who has begun suit for divorce, says her husband began to abuse her.

Mrs. Luttgen, among other things, alleges that on October 31, 1888, Mr. Luttgen came home in an angry mood, and rushing at his wife, struck her on the shoulder and said:

"You must be ready to move at once. The truck will be at the door."

She asked: "Where are we going to move to?"

He replied: "It's none of your business where we are going. Hereafter it is your duty to obey me. Do as I command you. Get down on your knees; crawl on the floor and ask my forgiveness for all you have done, you scoundrel."

Rev. Francis J. Clayton, who has been the rector of Grace Church for four years, says in his affidavit he has known Mrs. Luttgen since 1881. For nearly twenty years he lost sight of her, and renewed her acquaintance when he came to live at Rutherford. He says Mrs. Luttgen was dignified, mild, amiable, generous and sympathetic. He says her husband has made her sign confessions of things she never did. He has also, he says, seen some written promises extorted from her under duress and dictation by her husband, and says they are most tyrannical and degrading, and are the product either of a diseased mind or of one who is bent on terrorizing the mind of another.

### A MURDERER TO THE RESCUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Alexander Gulick, jailer of the city prison of New Brunswick, N. J., was saved from possible death at the hands of one of his prisoners yesterday by a man who is confined in the jail under sentence for murder. The man who rescued the keeper is Gusti Vasko, a Hungarian, who was last week convicted of murder in the second degree for the killing of Michael Skokane. He had proved to be a very tractable prisoner and had a cell in the main corridor, next to a cell in which a man named Smith and Daniel McCaffrey, an Irishman, were confined. McCaffrey was committed for disorderly conduct. He acted strangely for several days, but it was supposed that he was drunk. Instead of being drunk, however, he proved to be demented, and yesterday he suddenly became violent, attacking the jailer with the above result.

### TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH FLAME AND FLOOD.

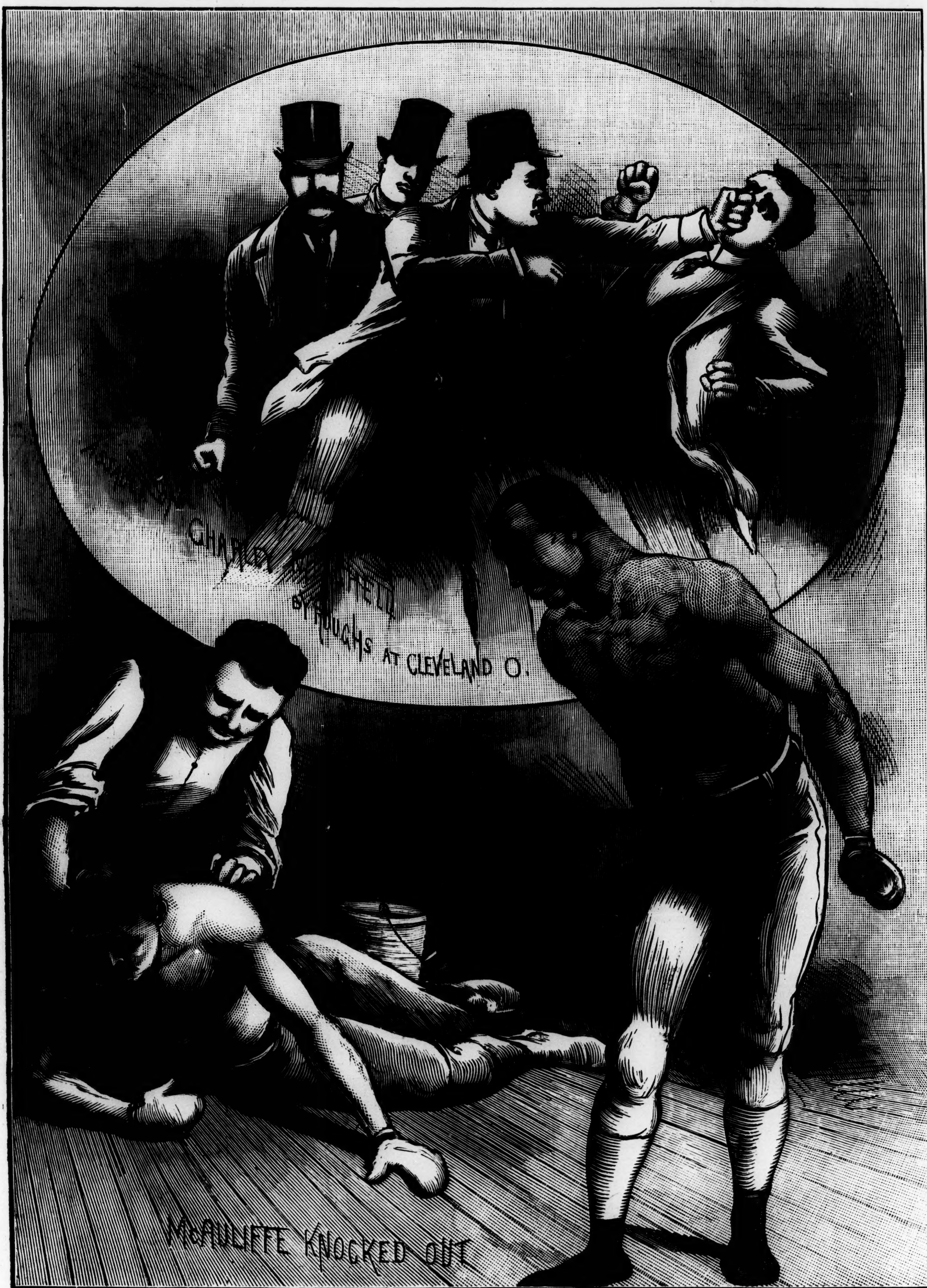
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Another frightful steamboat disaster occurred on the Mississippi river at the little town of Plaquemine, ninety-five miles above New Orleans, La., on the night of the 22nd ult., just as the bells were ringing in Christmas morning. At daylight the citizens of the town who had not yet retired were horrified to see the steamboat John H. Hanna round a bend in the river, a mass of flames from end to end. The number of victims was thirty, nearly all of whom perished in the flames.

### CASPER WEAVER.

Casper Weaver is a German. He was born in Hessen, Germany, in 1832, landed at New York in 1856, lived in Pennsylvania and New Jersey five years. From thence he moved to Georgetown, Ky., where he subsequently joined the Confederate army, and became a tried and true soldier of that famous chieftain, Gen. John Morgan, serving through that distinguished revolution which put at rest the question of secession. After the close of hostilities he came with other friends to Waverly, Lafayette county, Missouri, U. S. A., where he still resides, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen and good neighbor. A few weeks since he was induced by the solicitation of his friends to join them in pooling chances in the November drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, by which he, as one of the four in the club, came into possession of one-fourth of one-twentieth of the capital prize of \$300,000, being the comfortable sum of \$3,750. Three others have also received their money, which was collected by the Middleton Bank, of Waverly, Mo. Their names are Albert Goodwin, William Israel and a colored man named Robert Stewart, all of whom live in this city and are all well known to our people. They will doubtless in the future, as they have in the past, continue to be warm friends of that institution which has so wonderfully surprised them all, for the average man, though hopeful, is generally disappointed if successful.—Waverly (Mo.) Times, Dec. 6.





SPORTING SURPRISES WEST AND EAST.

PETER JACKSON'S TRIUMPH OVER JOE McAULIFFE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND THE UNPROVOKED ASSAULT ON CHARLEY MITCHELL, THE ENGLISH BOXER, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.





"I WILL DIE."

SUICIDE OF MISS FLORENCE TAYLOR AT NEW HAVEN, CONN., ON ACCOUNT OF DISAPPOINTMENT IN A LOVE AFFAIR.



TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH FLAME AND FLOOD.

THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER KATE ADAMS ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, NEAR PLAQUEMINE, LOUISIANA, BY WHICH THIRTY LIVES WERE LOST.



## CHAMPION STILL.

Decisive Battle Between England's  
Light-weight and America's  
Representative.

## M'AUILLIFFE THE VICTOR.

The international glove contest between Jack McAuliffe of Brooklyn, N. Y., the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the light-weight championship of the world, and Jake Hyams of London, England, who is a rival of Jimmy Carney, the English light-weight champion, having fought him a long and desperate battle, was decided at the Palace Hall, Brooklyn, E. D., on Dec. 26.

The match was arranged several weeks ago at this office, when the articles of agreement were drawn up and signed for the rival American and English champions to box ten rounds, Richard K. Fox rules, for the gate receipts. Billy O'Brien, Hyams' backer, managed the affair, and when it was found that the contest would be a genuine one, great interest was manifested and there was brisk speculation over the result.

On Dec. 24, according to agreement, the men and their backers met at this office to select a referee, and Dave Holland, a well-known man-about-town, was then chosen.

Hyams stands 5 feet 6½ inches in height and weighed 130 pounds, and he is 29 years of age. His father was an English Hebrew and his mother an Irish woman. He was born in London. He is a very gentlemanly young fellow, and in his manner is very modest and retiring.

Hyams' first fight encounter was in November, 1878, when he defeated Danny O'Hearn in one hour and twenty minutes. From this time he arose very rapidly in the roped arena, and among the many good ones he defeated are such well-known fighters as Billy Watson, Jack Davenport, Billy Chessy, Tim Elinos of New Castle, Jack Jones, and he has also fought drawn battles with Jim Kendrick and Paddy Lee.

Hyams' previous battle was for the light-weight championship of England and £250 a side with Jim Carney, England's greatest light-weight, and who has also fought a drawn battle with McAuliffe, which lasted seventy-four rounds. In the fight with Carney he surprised everybody by his great showing, and was looked upon as the winner all through the fight. But after fighting thirty-four rounds the battle came to an unexpected end through Hyams' seconds throwing up the sponge. Hyams wanted to continue the battle nevertheless, but it was called a draw, and Hyams felt so woe-begone over the result that he burst into tears in the ring.

The rush was so great that the admission had been raised from \$1 to \$2 and \$3, and still the people continued to rush pell mell, in spite of police regulations and ushers in the hall. Among the prominent sports present were: Pat Keenan, E. F. Malahan, Eugene Cummings, Jim Dunn, Phil Casey, John Clarke, Gus Tuthill, Barney Maguire, Jim McCabe, Pat Sharkey, Jim Patterson, Phil Dwyer, Mike Dwyer, Jimmy Wakely, Charley Johnston, Phil Lynch, Billy Daly, of Boston; Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me.; Dick Roche, of St. Louis; A. Smith, George Engeman, Jackey Snapper, Harrison and Billy Donohue, Trainer Jimmy Rowe, "Smiling Johnnie" Kelly, ex-Coroner Felix Doyle, Bob Furey, John Tierney, Steve Brodie, Dr. E. H. Heard, Supervisor W. Watson, John Campbell, Charley Primrose, Mike and John Fishery, Frank Moran, of Bridgeport; John Shanley, Jim McKohen, of Boston; Joe Lambert, of Toronto; Jim Clinton, Jimmy Johnson, Adam Candy, Frank Stevenson, "Lip" Pike, Jack Fallon, Dave Johnson, Billy Benn, John M. Arory, Mike Mindon, Frank Lane, Tom Ward, "Sugar" Murphy, Billy McMahon, Leonard Tracey, Billy Edwards, Dr. Owens, Geo. Gore,

THE GALLERY GIVES WAY.

Jim Kennedy, Mike Kelly, the \$10,000 beauty; John Wood, the sporting photographer; Inspector McLaughlin, Mike Cushing, and a host of others equally well known.

It was just ten minutes to 11 o'clock when Hyams entered the ring. He was attended by Alf Powers and Bob Smith. He stood 5 feet 6½ inches tall, weighed 130 pounds, and he is in his 29th year. He wore light knee breeches, red stockings and black shoes. He had a sack coat around his body and a Derby hat on his head. Jack Dempsey mounted the front of the stage and was cheered heartily. McAuliffe soon entered the ring. He was attended by Billy Madden and Bob Drew. Jack Dempsey was timekeeper for McAuliffe, and Johnny Eckhardt for Hyams.

After all the preliminaries were arranged for the mill, McAuliffe was requested to remove a pair of kid gloves he had on his hands, and, after doing so, the seconds assisted the men to put on the mittens and all was ready for the battle to begin. On the referee giving the men the signal, both advanced, shook hands and retired to their corners. Jack Dempsey then held his forefinger on his \$500 split second watch, while Johnny Eckhardt did the same upon a watch of less value, and then the referee, who was a little bashful, called time. In an instant Hyams bobbed up from his chair, which stood in the southwest corner, and McAuliffe also left his corner, which was the northeast, and with a few words of advice from Billy Madden, his manager and second, the ball opened.



BILLY O'BRIEN.

Hyams bobbed up from his chair, which stood in the southwest corner, and McAuliffe also left his corner, which was the northeast, and with a few words of advice from Billy Madden, his manager and second, the ball opened.

ROUND 1—Hyams' position was like the usual one used by the English boxers, a great deal on the pose business; while McAuliffe's was easy, with his left well up, ready to let go when opportunity offered. No time was wasted in sparring. McAuliffe feinted, but Hyams would not be caught. Jack led with his left, but Jake ducked under it with ease and grace. After a little fiddling Jake planted the first blow, a left-hander, on Jack's cheek. After another short fiddling spell Jack went at his man and planted left, right and left, but not severely. Jack made play again, but Hyams ducked and clinched. Both men displayed great science, and surprise was expressed at Hyams' cleverness. He was remarkably clever at ducking, and he thus avoided several well-meant blows. At last Jack thought he had him, and he let drive with his left, which landed on Hyams' right eye. McAuliffe bore in and rushed his man against the ropes. They scrambled for a few seconds, and then broke away. Hyams missed a good left-hander, and Jack greeted it with a derisive "Ah." A moment later Jack planted the first hard blow of the contest, a stinging right-hand upper-cut, which was followed by capital in-fighting, when time was called.

2—On time being called McAuliffe led, planted his left heavily on Hyams' right jaw, and napped a stinger in return. Again McAuliffe let fly his left, but Hyams ducked and cleverly missed a right hand upper cut. Sharp fighting followed, and Hyams continued his ducking tactics, and the champion was time and again puzzled at the Englishman's mode of fighting. After a slashing exchange, in which both the countering and stopping on both sides was first-class, time was called.



M'AUILLIFFE'S TREMENDOUS RIGHT-HANDER.

3—This was a desperate round. On time being called McAuliffe forced the fighting and sent terrible blows into Hyams' face and body before the latter recovered from his astonishment, and then his return was feeble, it being a weak left-hander. The audience was now terribly excited, and yells came from five hundred throats. Three times did McAuliffe upper cut Hyams without getting a damaging blow in return, and those blows made the Englishman's head dizzy. Then the latter did a little fighting, and he reached McAuliffe's face with his left and his body with the right. A clinch followed, and breaking away McAuliffe's right and left did execution, and with a right hand upper cut, which missed the mark, time was called. Both men retired to their corners, blowing and puffing like a grampus.

After pugilists who are fighting by Richard K. Fox rules rest for the minute allowed between each round, there is no time to spare, and Hyams must have realized this fact, for he appeared greatly in need of rest.

4—It looked dollars to doughnuts that McAuliffe would win, barring an accidental blow. Both came up willingly, and Jack smiled as he made a feint, and Hyams ducking he met the American's right full in the face, which must have made it ache. This partly sent the receiver down, but only one knee reached the floor, and getting out of harm's way for a second or two, but Jack was there, and six times he reached him on face, neck and nose without a response. The audience was getting fairly mad with excitement. The last smash Hyams got on the nose, and McAuliffe claimed first blood as he saw the crimson stream trickle down the other's face, and the three minutes had expired.



HYAMS WANTS MORE.

5—Neither was very strong, but while Hyams did not recover McAuliffe did. The round opened with McAuliffe sending his left into the other's face, which he repeated, and then Hyams got heavily on McAuliffe's face and body, after which they clinched. Upon breaking away McAuliffe hit Hyams in the face, and it was done so quickly that the Englishman's partisans claimed "foul," but it was not allowed. McAuliffe punished his man terribly in the balance of the round, upper-cutting him twice and knocking his left eye out of shape.

6—The men were tired. McAuliffe again planted that terrible left of his on Hyams' nose, and the blood ran down in a stream. Hyams then woke up and fought gamely. He reached McAuliffe's stomach, but his blow lacked force. His left hand was of no service, his right being his only really effective weapon. Jack smashed Hyams so hard in this round that he became groggy, but the latter fought gamely and even in a shifty manner, so that Jack was unable to knock him out, and then it was apparent that he was tiring, but as the time was nearly up McAuliffe seemed determined to try and end the affair; so with a swinging right hand he reached Hyams' jaw, and the latter went down at full length. He gamely came up again and was cheered for his courage, when time was called.

7—Hyams tried to get at McAuliffe to hurt him, but his blows had no strength. He reached Jack three or four times, but his welts did no harm, while, on the contrary, McAuliffe inflicted



HYAMS DONE FOR.

more punishment, but could not deliver the settling blow. While this round was in progress the right-hand balcony, which was crowded with people, fell with an awful crash. If the audience had been of the kind that gets scared easily a panic would have ensued, and the results might have been terrible. It was a serious accident all the same. The people in the balcony were severely injured, and while the decision of the referee was being announced to the highly-wrought crowd some of the injured were being carried out of the hall by their friends.

8—Intense excitement prevailed among the crowd in this round, and little attention was paid to the injured, so interesting

Read PARIS UNVEILED, a thrilling story of crime in the gay French capital. Price, 25 cents. To be had from this office.

was the battle. Hyams was nearly used up, but he fought gamely. It was foolish, however, for he had no chance, and was receiving terrible punishment. McAuliffe forced the fighting and knocked Hyams down five times in succession, and more than once he was longer than 10 seconds on the floor—the time allowed—and the crowd cried for a decision in his favor. The excitement was terrible. The seconds jumped into the ring, as did the police, and for a few seconds a grand row was imminent. The referee, however, told the men to go to their corners, and very wrongfully called the round over, and allowed the fight to go on and Hyams to somewhat recover from his dazed and groggy condition.

After the men had rested time was again called, and plucky Hyams, who was dead beat, staggered to the scratch, only to be knocked down and terribly hammered by his opponent's steam-hammer blows. McAuliffe went at his man, knocked him down, but he came again, yet with a smash in the jaw, another in the face, and as he was staggering toward him, a swinging right-hander, which landed on the jaw, and the Englishman fell back insensible and did not recover for some time after.

It was as bad a knock-out as has been seen in many days in this hotbed of pugilism. The men were fighting about 25 minutes, and resting 8 made about 33 for the contest.

The result of the battle proved conclusively that when McAuliffe was presented with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, the best light-weight "now in the ring" had possession of the trophy to defend according to the rules and regulations of the P. R.

Hyams had never appeared in public in this country. He came from England with a great foreign reputation, having figured in several encounters within the ring of ropes in England. His best performance was his battle with Jimmy Carney, whom Jack McAuliffe fought over four hours without a decisive result. Hyams proved that he was a fair light-weight boxer, clever and tricky, but his blows lacked effect.

CARRYING HYAMS TO HIS CORNER. Iveness, and when he did have an opportunity to land and succeeded in doing so the blows lacked force. He was completely out-generated and out-fought by his skillful opponent, and from the third round, it was patent to all that this was the case. His peculiar style of ducking was clever and useful, if only put in practice now and again, but the quick perception of the American champion, who possesses all the points and tactics for both the offensive and defensive, was equal to the occasion, and enabled him to use his left and right with such dexterity and dangerous effectiveness that Hyams' ducking tactics were time and again not only detrimental to his facial organ, but his brain box was made an anvil for McAuliffe's terrific left and right hand severe upper cuts.

Hyams may be a first-class candidate for a boxing tournament, where points and clever tactics would decide the question of supremacy, but battling for the light-weight championship, especially against a champion of McAuliffe's calibre, he stands no chance, barring accidents, since he does not possess the quantity and the quality of a true champion. McAuliffe, on the other hand, is the best light-weight at 135 pounds that has stood in a 24-foot ring in this country in many years.

## PUGILISTIC NOTES.

At Butte City Billy Lynn, the pugilist, has a big class of pupils. Lynn is a very good teacher of the manly art. He is improving in health, and is open to meet any light-weight in the world.

At this office, on Dec. 26, Frank Stevenson, representing Jack Fallon, and a representative of Dominick McCaffrey arranged a match for Fallon and McCaffrey to box ten rounds, Richard K. Fox rules, at the Palace Hall, Brooklyn, E. D., on Jan. 15. The winner will receive \$5 and the loser 40 per cent. of the gate money.

A slashing mill of short duration was recently fought at the Casino, Chicago. The principals were Chas. E. Davies, better known as the "Parson," and Mackey, the manager and lessee of the Casino. Richard K. Fox rules governed, but Queensberry would have sufficed, for Davies won in one round, although Mackey weighed over forty pounds more than the Parson. A spectator who witnessed the mill says: "Davies is a slasher with his dukes."

The Baltimore "Sun" publishes the following interview with Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion:

"Yes; my money is up, and I am going to make Sullivan fight if I can," said Jake Kilrain, in answer to an inquiry of a reporter of the Sun about the truth of the report that the forfeit money had been posted. "It is hard work, though, to make a man fight if he doesn't want to, and I don't think Sullivan does. He knows I can beat him. You see, we have been put in a false light about this thing, and Sullivan has taken full advantage of it. Now, however, I am free to talk. In New York State the law is so framed that a man can issue a challenge for a fight and post his money, and they can't trouble him until some one covers it, when all hands can be prosecuted. This naturally made my friend and backer timid. Sullivan knew the situation when he posted his money, and somebody close to him was responsible for the talk that went out about its being a violation of law to cover it. The scare worked for awhile, but it is all over now. Then Sullivan's money was posted with a personal friend, who refused to give my backer a receipt, or even accept money from him in the presence of a third party. A man naturally wants something to show for it when he puts up \$5,000; wouldn't you? However, we have waived that point, and posted \$5,000 forfeit for a bare-knuckle fight to a finish for \$10,000 a side and the championship belt."

"When will the agreement be signed?"

"Just as soon as we get back from this tour, which will be in about two weeks."

"Where will the fight come off?"

"Somewhere in the South, probably. Any fair proposition as to place, time and referee will suit me. I want to fight Sullivan, and I am sure I can lick him. The only danger in the way of the fight not coming off is that Sullivan may back out by making some insinuation objection. It is very easy for a man to do that and still preserve the appearance of wanting to fight. If, for instance, he should insist upon the referee being chosen at the ring side sporting men will know that he doesn't want to fight. Any fair terms will suit me. I am in good shape, and will be ready whenever Sullivan is."

"You speak with confidence."

"Why shouldn't I? Mitchell licked Sullivan. They talk about Charley's running away from him in the ring. Did you ever see a man run away and still pound his opponent out of shape? If Charley did so much running, how is it that Sullivan's eyes were both blackened, his nose swollen and disfigured, and his lips badly bruised, to say nothing of numerous black and blue spots on his body? That wasn't the work of a runner."

At this point Mitchell, who had been a close listener, spoke up. "I'll bet any part of \$1,000," he said, "that the match doesn't come off. Sullivan is running a bluff. He put the stakes at \$10,000 in the hope that we couldn't raise it. But he has been called, and the next thing will be a hunt for some technical point to wriggle out on."

Regarding the assertion that Sullivan had bested him with the gloves, Kilrain told the following story: "You see I used to work in a rolling mill, and it was then, while fooling around with the boys, that I found out I could spar and fight. We had many a set-to after hours, and finally I landed 'cock of the walk.' One night several of us went down to a bench where Sullivan was to appear to see the 'Boston strong boy,' as they called him. Then I paid my admission and sat down in the pit. When the wind-up was called out sprang John L., rigged up in fighting costume, but the manager came off and apologized to the crowd, saying that no one had showed up to go against Sullivan. 'Mr. Sullivan,' said he, 'will willingly face any man who will volunteer.' Then the friends of mine coaxed me with: 'Go him, Jake.' 'Give us a chance for our money; we want to see him spar.' 'You can stand him off,' he said, and finally I took off my coat and put on the gloves. At the end of three rounds neither man was hurt. On a like occasion I had on the gloves with him, and with a like result. After that I wanted to fight him in private, for I always believed I could do him. Well, until we both got to England Sullivan never said anything about having met me, but over there he said he had licked me."

## SPORTING.

How Charley Mitchell Knocked Out  
a Gang of Toughs at  
Cleveland, O.

## CURRENT EVENTS OF INTEREST.

## IMPORTANT TO ATHLETES:

I am now prepared to supply all kinds of boxing gloves and shoes, baseball and tennis outfits, and everything in the line of sporting and athletic goods. Send for catalogue, free. RICHARD K. FOX.

At Fitchburg, Mass., on Dec. 23, Bess and Killarney fought for \$100. Killarney won on the second turn in one hour.

Paddy Cahill writes that he will box any amateur in America, but will not contend in the arena against a professional.

In this city, on Dec. 21, Thomas F. Wynn beat Dan Hurley at 15-ball pool, best 11 in 21 games, at the "Two Johns" for \$300 a side.

On Dec. 22 Richard Keating whipped Ed White in 9 rounds, with hard gloves, at Brookston, Ind. Keating fought 5 rounds with a broken thumb.

A handicap billiard tournament is to be held in this city in February, in which Slosson, Sexton, Schaefer, Vignaux, Daly, Plot and Garner are to participate.

Joe Weir is ready to meet Tommy Warren or any feather-weight pugilist in the world for \$1,000 or \$2,000 the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship. Warren will have to meet Weir or give up the belt.

At Winfield, L. I., on Dec. 26, there was a "canine dispute" between Tip, a brindle, and Nellie, a white, the former owned in Brooklyn, and the latter in Long Island City. After a fight of 1 hour 50 minutes Tip was declared the winner.

Johnny Murphy, the champion bantam and protégé of Jake Kilrain, does not want to lose his position as instructor at Harvard College, and declines to be drawn into a match with Cal McCarthy, who is now regarded as the champion of his class.

The National Skating Association will hold its fourth annual amateur championship meeting in the vicinity of this city on Jan. 17 and the following days. The programme is likely to be as follows: Jan. 17, figure skating, 230 yards and 5 miles; Jan. 18, 1 mile and 10 miles.

The New York "Sun" says: "The San Francisco Athletic Club has telegraphed to Richard K. Fox that if Sullivan backs out from his match with Kilrain they will match Joe McAuliffe against Kilrain for \$10,000. McAuliffe is the champion heavy-weight of the Pacific Slope."

On Dec. 24, Tag, weight 25 pounds, and Russ, a Russian bull terrier, fought near City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. They fought for 3 hours and 55 minutes, and the battle was won by Tag, owing to Russ refusing to scratch after they had been sponged off. The stakes were \$50 a side.

At Parepa Hall, in this city, on Dec. 22, Ernest Roeder and Prof. William Hoefler wrestled, Graco-Roman, for \$200. After wrestling 10 minutes Hoefler gave up, being sick from malaria. Roeder claimed the match, which was awarded to him. William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was referee.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete and wrestler, has accepted the challenge of H. M. Dufur of Marlboro to wrestle, and has posted \$250 forfeit at this office. Dufur's challenge is for a variety of styles, and Ross believes that he can win. He wants the stakes to be \$350 a side, and to come off within two weeks. Ross is expected in Boston in a few days.

In this week's issue we publish the full-page portrait of Joe McAuliffe, of San Francisco, Cal., who has gained considerable fame in the athletic arena, and who holds the title of heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Slope. It is the first correct portrait of this famous pugilist ever published, and it was photographed at San Francisco, especially for the POLICE GAZETTE. Full particulars of the "Frisco Giant's" last battle will be found under the P. R. page of this paper.

Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell boxed at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on Dec. 27, under the management of Charles E. Davies, to a tremendous audience. After the show George Forbes, the well-known race-horse owner, and Steve, better known as Roddy Gallagher, Davies and the party adjourned to the Kennard House to enjoy the hospitality of George Forbes. A bottle of wine was opened, and while it was being drank a hard looking fellow of medium height and athletic frame was greeted with a "Hello, Hughie," by Mitchell. The man thus addressed pushed through the crowd and said: "Oh, —, I'll fight you here." Mitchell laughed. Burns pushed on and struck at the English pugilist. The blow was short, and Mitchell stepped back and laughed. Then Burns, with a loud oath, rushed at the Englishman and made a vicious drive at his face. Mitchell warded off the blow and stepped back into the nook between the ice chest and the bar. George Forbes said to Mitchell: "Get out, Charley, there's trouble, and these fellows will shoot." Mitchell dodged out of his corner and ran to the other end of the bar. There he halted. Burns made another rush at him. Mitchell dodged, and as he avoided Burns, jumped into the stone walled aquarium in the centre of the room and plunged through it to the other side. As he turned to go through the door into the office Burns was in front of him again. Mitchell saw him coming, and bracing himself, drove his right hand into Burns' face in beautiful style. Blood gushed out of Burns' eye, and he dropped on his face as if he had been shot. Mitchell stood a second and then ran through the office and turned and ran up stairs. Burns got up, shook himself, and at the foot of the stairs reached under his coat tails for a pistol. At this juncture he was halted by an employee of the hotel named Park, and the pair had a savage and fighting wrestle. Park drove his fist into the bloody face again and again, and after downing its possessor punched him again. In the meantime, Tom Costello, a well-known local gambler and a warm personal friend of Sullivan's, had got into action. He followed Burns after Park, but "Reddy" Gallagher, the local pugilist, held him and kept him out of the fight. There was a rioting, surging crowd around the fighters, and fifty rushes after every place of excitement. Suddenly Burns forgot Park and remembered Mitchell. He ran through the barroom into the office and up stairs. Mitchell was descending as Burns came up, but turned again and ran to his room. Burns sought him with blood running down his visage at every foot, but at last Gallagher found Burns and "napped" him, too. The patrol wagon and a squad of police arrived soon after, but Costello, Burns and their crowd had disappeared.

After the barroom fight Mitchell said: "I know this man who assaulted me. He is an English middle-weight fighter and a gambler. He first came to America with the alleged intention of whipping Sullivan, but did not do it. Later along he fought Joe Pendergast and was whipped. I have befriended the fellow, and not long ago gave him \$100 in New York city. I ran away from him because I thought he had a pistol and did not want to be shot. I hit him because it was the only way to get past him. I tried my best to avoid trouble and do not relish barroom fighting. Gallagher did me a great service."

"Parson" Davies said: "This is no credit to Sullivan. We cannot be driven off the road. We'll stick and public opinion will support us. The whole movement apparently came out of a desire to show friendship for Sullivan."

THE HISTORY OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS, just out, price 25 cents, can be had from this office. Don't fail to read the story of these remarkable crimes.



## REFEREE.

## Pathy Comments Regarding the Great Match Between Kilrain and Sullivan.

## POINTS ON ARRANGING MATCHES.

The great topic in sporting circles is the Kilrain and Sullivan match for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, which trophy became the emblem of the heavy-weight championship by Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain battling for the title and the belt on Dec. 14, 1887.

The next act in this great fistic encounter will be the meeting between the representatives of Kilrain and Sullivan, probably in Montreal or Toronto, or some other place in the Dominion, to arrange the preliminaries.

Many expect that when the parties meet there will be a long discussion, and that the meeting will end in smoke, but should there be a fiasco and no protocol signed, it will not be any fault of Kilrain's representatives, as they are well versed in match-making, and while they will not make any unfair propositions, or insist on stipulations that any fair-minded sporting man, who was backing a pugilist, wrestler or runner, could object to, they will not make any concessions, but will insist on the match being made in a *bona fide*, business-like way, and in accordance with the rules and usages of the prize ring championship.

In an interview with one of the parties who will assist in drafting the great protocol which will probably govern the meeting of the gigantic gladiators, who are to meet for a small fortune in the roped arena, he stated that the following would be the terms upon which Kilrain would insist: That the stakes be \$20,000 a side, open for \$25,000 a side; that the battle be fought within 300 miles of any city that may be mutually agreed upon (Kilrain's representative would prefer New Orleans or Sioux City); the battle to be for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world, and to take place in three or four months from signing articles.

Should Sullivan object to meeting Kilrain earlier than four months, then the date of meeting would have to be decided by a toss, the party winning to have the privilege of naming three, four or six months from signing articles. Under no conditions will Kilrain's representative agree to sign articles unless the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world is to be contested for. It represents the heavy-weight championship of the world, and the fact that Jim Smith and Jake Kilrain fought for it settles the question, and the leading sporting authorities—the *Sportsman* and *Sporting Life*, London, and the *New York Clipper* and *Spirit of the Times*—have decided that the trophy represents the championship of the world just the same as the famous English belt Tom Sayers and John G. Heenan fought for represented the championship of England.

A pugilist to become champion of the world must hold the belt and defend it against all comers. Kilrain received the belt and agreed to battle with Sullivan for \$10,000 and the trophy in July, 1887. On Sullivan's refusal to meet Kilrain, the latter was challenged to battle for the trophy by Jim Smith. The English and American champions eventually fought, the battle ended in a draw, and over one year has elapsed since, and Kilrain still holds the trophy.

In arranging the proposed match, Kilrain's representatives will agree to put up the balance of the \$10,000 stakes in two installments of \$5,000 each, the second deposit of \$5,000 a side two months from signing articles, and the third and final deposit of \$5,000 a side two months from the date mutually agreed upon for the battle, the deposits to be made with the *Clipper*, and at the posting of the final deposit the stakeholder and referee to be selected.

Kilrain's representatives will insist on the referee being appointed at the posting of the final deposit, in order that there will be no wrangle at the ring and no fiasco. Every one will agree that these conditions are not arbitrary, and that Kilrain and his backers mean business.

Should Sullivan's backers object to these fair and sportsmanlike terms, then there will be no match made, for Kilrain does not want to go into training for eight weeks, and then when he enters the ring find out that the opposition will not agree upon any responsible person to fill this important but unthankful position.

"If Sullivan's party have put up their money to either win or lose fairly," said Kilrain's representative, "they will win no hitch or impediment in the arranging of the preliminaries, but do business on business principles by either submitting fair articles of agreement which no fair-minded sporting man can object to, and then there will be a match arranged with very little grumbling; but if they suppose they are going to dictate all the terms and think that they will be accepted, then it is needless to bother any more in the matter."

Kilrain wants no favors and will give none, and all he requires is that a match be arranged upon the same terms and conditions as every other championship battle. If he wins his backer expects the stakes, while if Sullivan should be able to defeat Kilrain then he will be entitled to the champion belt with its eight big diamonds and \$20,000. He will then have to defend it against McAuliffe or some other aspirant for the championship.

In arranging matches of all descriptions, no matter whether it is for a foot race, wrestling, contest, boat race, or a P. R. encounter, if both principals and Sullivan's backers mean business, and neither principals nor the parties furnishing the stakes are looking for any unfair conditions and do not insist upon an agreement being drawn up in which one side would be placed at a disadvantage, it is an easy matter for both sides to come to a mutual understanding whereby a match can be ratified and a contract signed to govern a contest to take place either on land or water.

In arranging matches of all descriptions in which large stakes are to be deposited upon the issue, I think it is necessary, especially if it is a pugilistic encounter, that the contracting parties should be men who thoroughly understand the rules which are framed to govern the prize ring championship and are well acquainted with the laws and ethics of pugilism.

It is an old saying that a match well made is half won, and from experience I place great faith in the saying. On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that a contract or agreement signed in which one of the contracting parties insist on framing a protocol in which they will have "one end and the middle" or, in other words, the best of the bargain, should include stipulations or concessions which would give either one pugilist or the other an undue advantage, the result would be a match lost or a battle decided before it was fought.

I think the most important stipulations in arranging a match, more especially a pugilistic encounter, are the selection of a final stakeholder and a referee. A stakeholder, in my mind, should be a man that is responsible and who would fearlessly do his duty to both parties according to the conditions of

If you want to learn all about card playing, send for the *POLICE GAZETTE CARD PLAYER*, which is the most complete book to be had on the subject. Price, 25 cents.

of the match, wager, contest or encounter upon which he holds the stake money. The stakeholder is acknowledged to be one of the hinges upon which the pugilistic door must hang. If it is a fistic encounter in which he is holding the money or stakes; the other hinge upon which it is necessary for the door to swing even and fairly is the referee.

I think without a first-class stakeholder to hold stakes and a referee that is impartial and unbiased, that it is only a waste of time to arrange matches of any kind, for no matter how honest a pugilist may be, or how earnest his backer may be to risk the money he has deposited on the result of said contest, unless the stakeholder is a responsible party and the referee a fair and unprejudiced official, his money is lost after the protocol is signed should either the stakeholder or referee be friendly or in league with the opposition.

After Mike McCoolle was matched to fight Tom Allen for \$2,000 and the championship of America at St. Louis and the money was posted and the referee selected, what chance did Allen or his backer have of winning? None. Why? Because there was, to use the vernacular, a job put up before the match was arranged to defraud Allen out of his money, even if he could win, and cheat his backers out of the bets they made on the result.

How the scheme worked is news to thousands who read these columns, and, for illustration, I print the following: The battle was fought at Foster Island, St. Louis, on June 14, 1888. Hundreds of dollars were wagered on McCoolle at 100 to 60 weeks before the battle, but if the men had to battle on their merits, the odds should have been on Allen, who out-classed the burly McCoolle. Nine rounds were fought, and McCoolle's face was cut to mince meat. A cry of foul was raised by McCoolle's friends, who pulled their knives and revolvers. Barney Fraim, of Covington, Ky., cut the ropes, and the battle ended in a free fight.

The following morning the people of St. Louis read in the daily papers the following decision, which, though manifestly so unjust, did not cause much surprise, as it was pretty generally understood that McCoolle would receive the money:

St. Louis, Mo., June 15, 1888.  
I, Valentine McKinney, give my decision in the late fight between McCoolle and Allen in favor of McCoolle, a foul being committed by Allen on McCoolle, in the last round, by gouging his eyes.

A sporting paper of that date says: "Mike McCoolle's friends acknowledged that he was the worst whipped man in a short time that they had ever seen, and did not withhold credit from Allen. The latter showed scarce any signs of having been fighting, a trifling cut on the lip, a swelling of the cheek and the barking of the skin from one of his knuckles being the extent of his injuries. Nearly everybody scouted the idea of any foul whatever having been committed, and said that Allen unquestionably deserved the fight—many of them warm friends of McCoolle."

I merely publish this as an illustration to show that in arranging matches it is very important for the parties who are furnishing the stakes of war and the men who are to contend for stakes to secure a first-class stakeholder and a referee who is neutral in the matter, and one who will fill his position in a just and fearless manner.

Another match in which there was considerable chicanery was the battle for \$2,000 between Harry Hickson, of Philadelphia, and Bryan Campbell, of Wilkesbarre. It was decided at Collier's Station, Va., in 1871, and would have ended in favor of Hickson if the referee, George Siddons, had filled his position as he should have done, for when he actually won the gang behind Campbell broke the ropes, knocked down Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, who was seconding Hickson, and, amid firing of revolvers and a stampede, the battle ended.

Siddons decided Campbell the winner, and the affair ended in Hickson's backers being defrauded out of the stakes and the victor put to a great loss by an unjust referee and a curious stakeholder.

I could cite many other instances where pugilists that could have won, but were not allowed to do so when they were winning, but were robbed of their victory simply by plotting and scheming, and the plotters having both the referee and the stakeholder on their side, and these prize ring swindlers would fill this paper. It will, therefore, be seen that when parties undertake to back men in any kind of a contest, especially a prize ring encounter, that they should know what they are doing and insist on the selection of a responsible and honest stakeholder and a fair and unbiased referee, for if they fail to look for protection in the selection of these officials, they might just as well add the stakes with which they are backing a pugilist, a pedestrian, oarsman, or wrestler to profit and loss.

I collated the following from the *N. Y. "Sun,"* Dec. 23: "Kilrain is a free-handed fellow, and spends his money as fast as he makes it. He seems to be dead stuck on Charley Mitchell and the English people generally, who used him very well while he was on the other side. As a consequence his liberality avails him nothing, and he is not popular with the great mass of the American sporting public, and especially with that portion which particularly affects pugilism. Some of the utterances lately made lead to the inference that Kilrain would not get fair play in a prize fight with Sullivan. It may be that he has some inside information that warrants him in so expressing himself, but there is nothing in Sullivan's career that indicates that he is other than a fair and square fighter, who would scorn to take any undue advantage of an opponent."

I think the talk about Kilrain not receiving fair play is a gasconade. Kilrain has plenty of admirers who will bet their money on his chances of conquering Sullivan, and there is not the least doubt that men who bet hundreds on the result of a fistic encounter are going to see their money protected. The United States has a population of over fifty million, and it is absurd to suppose that a handful of men from Boston and New York are going to control delegations from nearly every city in the Union who will journey to witness the greatest and most important fistic encounter ever fought in either hemisphere. It is my opinion that Kilrain will have just as many friends at the ring side the day he meets Sullivan as the latter will have, and the majority of them will stand fire and see that he receives fair play, no matter if it is at the risk of their lives. Baltimore and Washington will send a delegation of tried men to look after their interests, so that if the backers of Sullivan for a moment think that they are putting up their money to win, or wrangle they had better drop the matter before a match is arranged.

I remember the time when a well-known New York sporting man matched George Rooke to fight Jim Coyne for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship of America. It was decided that no matter whether Rooke was able to win or not, the gang should win the stakes if possible. The scene of the battle was Harvey's Lake, Pa., about eighteen miles from Scranton. Coyne was stabbed in Wilkesbarre the night before, which created quite a sensation and put Coyne's friends on the qui vive for what might occur at the ring side on the following day.

A delegation of well-known and determined men had come from New York to make Rooke win, and they never had been afraid of anything that could talk, and could handle a revolver or a knife as well as they could a knife or fork.

After the ring was pitched they showed their hand, but the Coyne gang called them and scooped in the pot. The New York gang were confronted by the Mollie Maguires, and Rooke and his desperate men, who had never known fear, ran away, leaving Coyne and his party masters of the situation. None of the party dared to go back to Wilkesbarre, and Barney Aaron, Joe Coburn, Jerry Stripp, R. P. Mallahan, Johnny Saunders, Eddy Hanley, Tom Dunleavy and a string that would fill a book lost no time in reaching Scranton. This is prize ring history, and goes to show that two can play one game always.

The 27-hour go-as-you-please race ended at Birmingham, Conn., on Dec. 22. Peter Hegleman won, covering 135 miles; Dillon, 184; Taylor, 152; Campana, 120; McCabe, 115. Sullivan, 103; Elson, 108. McCabe dropped out, with 105 miles to his credit. Dan Herty started on a 5-mile race to beat Albert's record of 29 minutes. He made the distance in 20 minutes on an 18-lap track.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## Record of Billy Mahan, the Light-Weight Pugilist of the Pacific Coast.

## RULES GOVERNING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

J. S., Pottsville, Pa.—No.  
W. F. B., Hoboken, N. J.—B won.  
J. W. M., La Junta, Col.—14 feet 5 1/2 inches.  
B. W., Washington, D. C.—Five sizes are high.  
A. J. P.—Henry E. Abbey was born in Akron, O.  
Biddford, Me.—Photo and letter received. Thanks.  
T. S., N. Y. City.—The Louisville and Chicago tracks.  
E. McD., Sing Sing, N. Y.—Letter received. Thanks.  
L. S. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Reiche & Bros., Park Row, New York.  
Q. R., Atlantic street, Brooklyn.—Donald Dinnie is living and in Australia.

A. A., Hurley, Wis.—1. The *POLICE GAZETTE* offered to back him. 2. Yes.

A. H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Yes; if you can procure a license, which costs \$25.

A. H., Scranton, Pa.—Certainly; the same conditions govern in playing off a tie.

READER, Columbus, O.—A complication of diseases brought on by irregular living.

R. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not require any photos unless parties are well known.

R. R. G., Hart, Mich.—1. No. 2. They merely boxed at exhibitions on two occasions.

J. B., Paterson, N. J.—We do not answer any questions in regard to pugilists' religion.

W. H., Carthage, Ill.—1. There are no such events only for regular amateurs. 2. Yes.

J. M., Manayunk—Pat Farrell, of Philadelphia, defeated Domlnick McCaffrey in April, 1887.

C. S. D., Holly Springs, Pa.—When Jack is turned up it counts before any other point is scored.

A. P., Iron Mountain, Mich.—Send \$2.50 and we will mail you the standard works on all games.

T. T., Lyonsville, Tehama Co., Cal.—The bet is a draw and each party must draw their money.

READER, 20th Ward, New York City.—Send on what price you want to expend and we can supply you.

W. R. W., Frankfort, Ky.—In the Sullivan and Mitchell battle in France thirty-nine rounds were fought.

A. H., Cold Creek, Cal.—1. Yes. 2. Sullivan attempted to knock Fug Wilson out in four rounds and failed.

J. McC., N. Y. City.—Sam Collier defeated Barney Aaron at Pohlke, Va. The battle lasted 1 hour 48 minutes.

C. A. W. A., Chicago.—Patrice was the soubrette of "Lost in New York" Company when they played in this city.

W. W., Grand Lake Stream, Me.—Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring."

J. F. S., Newport, R. I.—The portraits of the pugilists advertised for sale are in ring costumes and citizens' dress.

P. S. W., New York.—Peter J. Panefort won a six-day race at Madison Square Garden in February and March, 1881.

M. M. H., Denver, Col.—Libbie Ross was the first female champion boxer, and her portrait appeared in this paper in 1880.

H. S. F., Philadelphia.—Several persons have Sullivan's and Ryan's colors. Frank Stevenson, 157 Biscocker street, has both framed.

M. W. J., Albany, N. Y.—Frank Barrett won the most mounts in England this year. He won 108 races, J. Watts 105, George Barrett 95.

G. W., Salamanca, N. Y.—1. Make no charge. 2. Forward a photo. 3. If you desire a large pugilist cut made you can send on for terms, etc.

J. H., Owatonna, Minn.—Fourteen feet five and one-half inches is the best authenticated record, but it is claimed that J. Darby has beaten it in England.

T. W., Boston, Mass.—Tommy Warren, of Los Angeles, Cal., holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the feather-weight championship of the world.

M. D., Philadelphia.—Tom King and John C. Heenan did not fight for the championship of the world. Jim Mace was champion of England when John C. Heenan fought Tom King for \$5,000 a side.

D. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—The largest amount of money ever fought for is \$12,000. It was fought for between Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith. They fought for \$5,000 a side and an outside bet of \$1,000 a side.

R. W., Massillon.—It is a question that cannot be settled, owing to the fact that the majority of the battles both men have engaged in have been governed by either Richard K. Fox or Queensberry rules.

M. J., Louisville, Ky.—The Victoria Derby was run at Melbourne, Australia, on Nov. 2. Seven started. Dan O'Brien's Carbine was the favorite at 7 to 4 against. He was beaten by the Hon. J. White's br. g. Ensign, by G. and Master, by a head in 2:45 1/2. Carbine was second, a length and a half in front of Mr. Gannon's Melos. The betting was 7 to 1 against Ensign.

M. J. S., San Francisco.—1. No. 2. Jack Chinn, the well-known turfman, who was recently indicted for cutting Bookmaker Joe Dowling at the Lattoria race track during the fall meeting, in Judge Perkins' court in Covington, Ky., on November 27, pleaded guilty, saying he had committed the offense in the heat of passion. The court sentenced him to pay a fine of \$500 and costs. Judge Perkins, who sentenced him, is one of the Directors of the Lattoria Jockey Club.

M. J. W., Boston.—The newly elected officers of the New York Yacht Club are: Commodore, Edridge T. Gerry; Vice-Commodore, Latham A. Fish; Rear Commodore, Archibald Rogers; Secretary, John H. Bird; Treasurer, F. W. J. Hurst. Messrs. John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch. Regatta Committee—J. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and William E. Iselin. House Committee—James W. Hayward, Robert S. Bowne, H. P. Lounsbury and John M. Wilson. Committee on Admissions—Edward M. Brown, Frederick Gallatin, Charles Watrous, Alexander Taylor, Jr., and Frank T. Robinson.

M. J., Philadelphia.—Billy Mahan, the light-weight pugilist of the Pacific Coast, has engaged in the following battles: In 1882, defeated Jack McKenna in 7 rounds; in 1884, defeated Jack Heeney in 2 rounds; Jack Kelly in 3 rounds; Jack Sullivan in 21 rounds; Gus Muller in 15 rounds; Tom Moran in 4 rounds; George Bennett in 2 rounds; Geo. Bobado in 4 rounds; in 1885, defeated Pat Cassidy in 2 rounds and Jack Campbell in 7 rounds; in 1886, defeated Chas. Carr in 3 rounds and Pete O'Brien in 24 rounds; lost a fight with Tom Cleary in 7 rounds; in 1887, defeated Tom Avery in 9 rounds and George Smith in 6 rounds; in 1888, defeated Young Jack Dempsey in 10 rounds and Jim Lahay in 33 rounds; was defeated by Tom Meadows in 7 rounds. He is matched to fight George Mulholland, of Australia, at the Golden Gate Athletic Club of San Francisco, for \$500 and the light-weight championship of the Coast, on Jan. 9, 1889.

M. J. D., Baltimore, Md.—1. A champion is compelled to defend the belt, which represents the championship against all bona fide challengers. 2. In arranging a match for the championship, there are regular rules and conditions necessary to govern. Neither the champion nor the claimant for the title of champion need comply to terms or conditions that are not considered fair and sportsmanlike. 3. Moreover, in arranging matches for the championship, the place of fighting must be mutually agreed upon by the champion and the challenger, and

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the privilege of selecting the place where the battle is to be decided must be tossed for—the party winning the toss to select the place and give the opposite party ten days notice (or more, if optional to both parties) of the place selected for the fight. 4. In regard to final stakeholder, neither the champion nor the challenger has any power to select that official unless both mutually agree to party appointed. It is the stakeholder's duty to hold the stakes until the contest is decided, and then give the money to the winner on receiving a written decision of the referee. 5. In regard to the selection of a referee, the pugilist holding the championship has not the power of naming that official, but the appointment must be made by both principals agreeing upon that official unless it is stipulated in the agreement that the stakeholder shall have the power of appointing the referee.

## SPORTING NOTES.

The American Athletic Union games are dated for Jan. 19, at Madison Square Garden.

The New York Athletic Club hold an athletic meeting at their rooms in this city on Feb. 2.

Tom Harrison, once a noted prize fighter, now residing in Quincy, Ill., has just fallen heir to an estate in Scotland, valued at \$150,000. Harrison was a companion of Tom Sayers, and the latter trained him for several of his battles.

The principal winning English sires this year were: *Galopin*, \$142,520; *Isonomy*, \$132,635; *Send Or*, \$109,550; *Hampton*, \$95,406; *Springfield*, \$73,165; *Hermik*, \$65,130; *Wisdom*, \$65,528; *Robert the Devil*, \$52,555. *Sterling*, \$51,415; *The Miser*, \$45,750; *Mask*, \$41,705; and *Uncas*, \$39,645.

At North Baltimore, O., on Dec. 19, there was a sprint race between Wm. Croder, of Beaver Dam, O., and Wm. Spaulding, of New London, O. (or it was presumed he was from there), for \$250 a side. The original match called for 100 yards for \$500. Spaulding won, and it was claimed he was a "ringer."

Smith, Ainslie & Co., the sole agents for the "Police Gazette," have issued Volume VIII of "Form at a Glance" for 1888. The book is alphabetically arranged and in one single reference. It shows the entire performance of every horse running on the flat. It is the greatest turf book of the kind ever published, and has no equal.

Of the twenty-one stakes of the Coney Island Jockey Club for next season, announced to close on Jan. 1, the Suburban and Great Eastern Handicaps are probably the most important. To the first named event the club will add the amount necessary to make the value of the race \$10,000, and the added money in the Great Eastern is \$5,000. Several of the club's rich stakes, including the Futurity, probable value \$10,000, have already closed, and the Futurity for 1891 will close on Jan. 1.

The Lake Champlain Ice Trotting Association has just organized in Vermont with the following list of officers: President, G. K. Foster, of Burlington; Vice-President, A. B. Ashley, of Milton, and L. S. Drew, of Burlington; Secretary, H. C. Thorp, of Charlotte; Treasurer, J. E. Lavey, of Burlington; Executive Committee, G. M. Delaney, of Burlington; J. H. Cutts, of Orwell; D. Rider, of Middlebury; S. L. Stroud, of St. Albans; W. N. Phelps, of South Hero; G. A. Ballard, of Fairfax; E. F. Brownell, of Burlington.

A. Van Zoogen, who won the "Police Gazette" medal for folding newspapers, on May 8, defeating eight competitors, winning the folding championship, is now open to fold any number of *POLICE GAZETTES*, or any other weekly paper, against William Jones, of New York, or any folder in New York, Brooklyn or New Jersey, for the medal, championship and \$100 a side; the contest to take place at Arion Hall, Wall street and Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., on Monday, Feb. 4. Here is a chance for the quick folders of the Newsdealer's Association.

Sam Bryant, the owner of Proctor Knott, the greatest two-year old racehorse of 1888, states he will not sell Proctor Knott for \$50,000. In the turf campaign of 1888 Knott is engaged in eleven stakes, the first being the \$2,000 at Nashville. He is in the three-year-old events here at Louisville, including the Derby and the Clark. He is in two at Lattoria, the American Derby and one other at Chicago, the Omnibus at Monmouth Park, the Coney Island Derby, and the Lordard at Sheephead. Come-to-Taw is in nine of these same stakes, being entered in all of those run in that section.

Quite a number of the turf records were lowered during the past season. The latest running records at the different distances are now as follows:

Quarter mile—Bell, Galveston, Tex., July 3, 1888.	1:14 1/2
Quarter mile heats—Suspenders, Los Angeles, Cal., April 18, 1888.	1:23 1/2
Three furlongs—Daniel B., 6 years, Helena, M. T., July 4, 1888.	1:31 1/2
Half mile—Ollipsa, 2 years, 97 pounds, Saratoga, N. Y., July 25, 1888.	1:47 1/2
Half mile heats—Gladstone, 2 years, 95 pounds, San Diego, Cal., Oct. 24, 1888.	1:48 1/2
Five furlongs—Jim Renwick, 5 years, 115 pounds, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 3, 1888.	1:50 1/2
Five furlongs—Kitty Pease, 4 years, Dallas, Tex., Nov. 2, 1887.	1:50 1/2
Five furlong heats—Kitty Pease, 4 years, Dallas, Tex., Nov. 2, 1887.	1:50 1/2
Five furlong heats—Buddie McNary, 3 years, 98 pounds, Chicago, July 3, 1888.	1:52 1/2
Three-quarters of a mile—Forse, 5 years, 124 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 24, 1888.	1:53 1/2
Three-quarters of a mile heats—Lizzie S., 5 years, 114 pounds, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 24, 1888.	1:53 1/2
Seven furlongs—Kington, 3 years, 118 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 1, 1888.	1:57 1/2
One mile—Ten Broeck, 5 years, 110 pounds, Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877, against time.	1:58 1/2
One mile—Stuyvesant, 3 years, 111 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 1, 1887 (in a race).	1:59 1/2
One mile heats—Bounce, 4 years, 90 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 1, 1887.	1:59 1/2
One mile heats—(3 in 4) L'Argentine, 6 years, 116 pounds, St. Louis, Mo., June 14, 1879.	1:59 1/2
One mile and seventy yards—Dyer, 4 years, Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 2, 1888.	1:59 1/2
One mile and one sixteenth—Wheeler T., 2 years, 98 pounds, St. Louis, Mo., June 1, 1888.	1:59 1/2
One mile and one sixteenth heats—Silpulong, 5 years, 115 pounds, Washington Park, Chicago, Ill., September 2, 1888.	1:59 1/2
Nine furlongs—Terra Cotta, 4 years, 124 pounds, Sheephead Bay, June 25, 1888.	1:59 1/2
Nine furlong heats—Gabriel, 4 years, 112 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 23, 1888.	1:59 1/2
One mile and three sixteenths—Joe Cotton, 5 years, 109 1/2 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 1, 1887.	1:59 1/2
One mile and one-quarter—Dry Monopoly, 4 years, 106 pounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 14, 1888.	1:59 1/2
One mile and one-quarter heats—Glenmore, 5 years, 114 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 25, 1888.	1:59 1/2
One mile and one hundred and fifty yards—Ben D'Or, 4 years, 115 pounds, Saratoga, July 25, 1882.	1:59 1/2
Eleven furlongs—Triboulet, 4 years, 117 pounds, San Francisco, Cal., April 28, 1888.	1:59 1/2
Eleven furlongs—Richmond, 6 years, 112 pounds, Sheephead Bay, June 27, 1888.	1:59 1/2
One mile and one half—Friend, 4 years, 113 pounds, Monmouth Park, Aug. 2, 1888.	1:59 1/2
Fastest four-in-hand mile—Fanchon, Carrie Bernichill, Sailor Boy and Lotie, Cleveland, Sept. 7, 1882.	2:40
One mile and one half—Lake Blackburn, 3 years, 102 pounds, Monmouth Park, Aug. 17, 1880.	2:34
One mile and one half—Jim Guest, 4 years, 98 pounds, Washington Park, Chicago, July 21, 1888.	2:34
One mile and one half heats—Keno, 5 years, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 16, 1880.	2:43 1/2
One mile and five-eighths—Exile, 4 years, 115 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 11, 1888.	2:48 1/2
One mile and three quarters—Gladia, 5 years, 116 pounds, Saratoga, Aug. 5, 1882.	3:01
One mile and seven-eighths—Enigma, 4 years, 90 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 15, 1885.	3:20
Two miles—Ten Broeck, 5 years, 110 pounds, Louisville, Ky., May 29, 1877.	3:27 1/2
Two mile heats—Miss Woodford, 4 years, 107 1/2 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 20, 1884.	3:31 1/2
Two miles and one eighth—Monitor, 4 years, 110 pounds, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 20, 1880.	3:44 1/2
Two miles and one-quarter—Springbok, 5 years, 114 pounds, Saratoga, July 29, 1875.	3:50 1/2
Two miles and one-half—Aristides, 4 years, 104 pounds, Lexington, Ky., Sept. 16, 1876.	4:07 1/2
Two miles and three quarters—Hubbard, 4 years, 107 pounds, Saratoga, Aug. 9, 1873.	4:28 1/2
Three miles—Drake Carter, 4 years, 115 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 6, 1884.	5:24
Three mile heats—Norfolk, 100 pounds, Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 3, 1885.	5:27 1/2
Four miles—Ten Broeck, 4 years, 101 pounds, Louisville, Sept. 27, 1876.	7:15 1/2
Four mile heats—Parida, 4 years, 105 pounds, Sheephead Bay, Sept. 18, 1880.	7:23 1/2





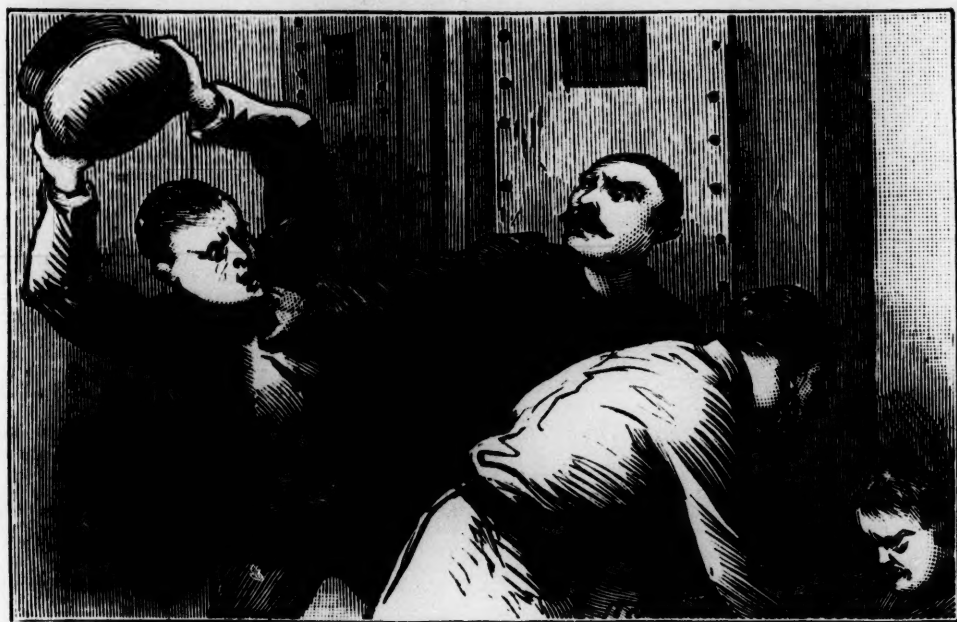
WHITE CAPS DID IT.

MASKED MEN NEAR WINCHESTER, O., FASTEN Z. H. CUTTER ON A WILD HORSE MAZEPPA FASHION, AND THEN TURN THE ANIMAL LOOSE.



TOO MUCH STEAM.

A BOILER IN A HOTEL NEAR TROY, N. Y., EXPLODES, HURLING THE GUESTS THROUGH WINDOWS AND DOORS INTO THE STREET.



A MURDERER TO THE RESCUE.

HOW GUSTI VASKO, UNDER SENTENCE TO DIE, SAVED HIS KEEPER'S LIFE IN THE NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JAIL.



THE YOUNGEST SMOKER IN THE STATE.

THE REMARKABLE PASSION EVINCED FOR THE SEDUCTIVE WEED BY BABY WALLACE LOCHRIDGE, OF WINCHESTER, TENN.



HE DIDN'T OBJECT TO COLOR.

HOW A "FLY" WILLIAMSPORT, PA., CHAP WAS CAUGHT MAKING LOVE TO A BUXOM BLACK GIRL BY THE LATTER'S MISTRESS.



DEATH BEFORE MENDICANCY.

ANN STEVENS, TOO PROUD TO BEG, PERISHES FROM COLD AND HUNGER IN HER SQUALID HOME AT SAUGERTIES, N. Y.



THEY FOUGHT TO KILL.

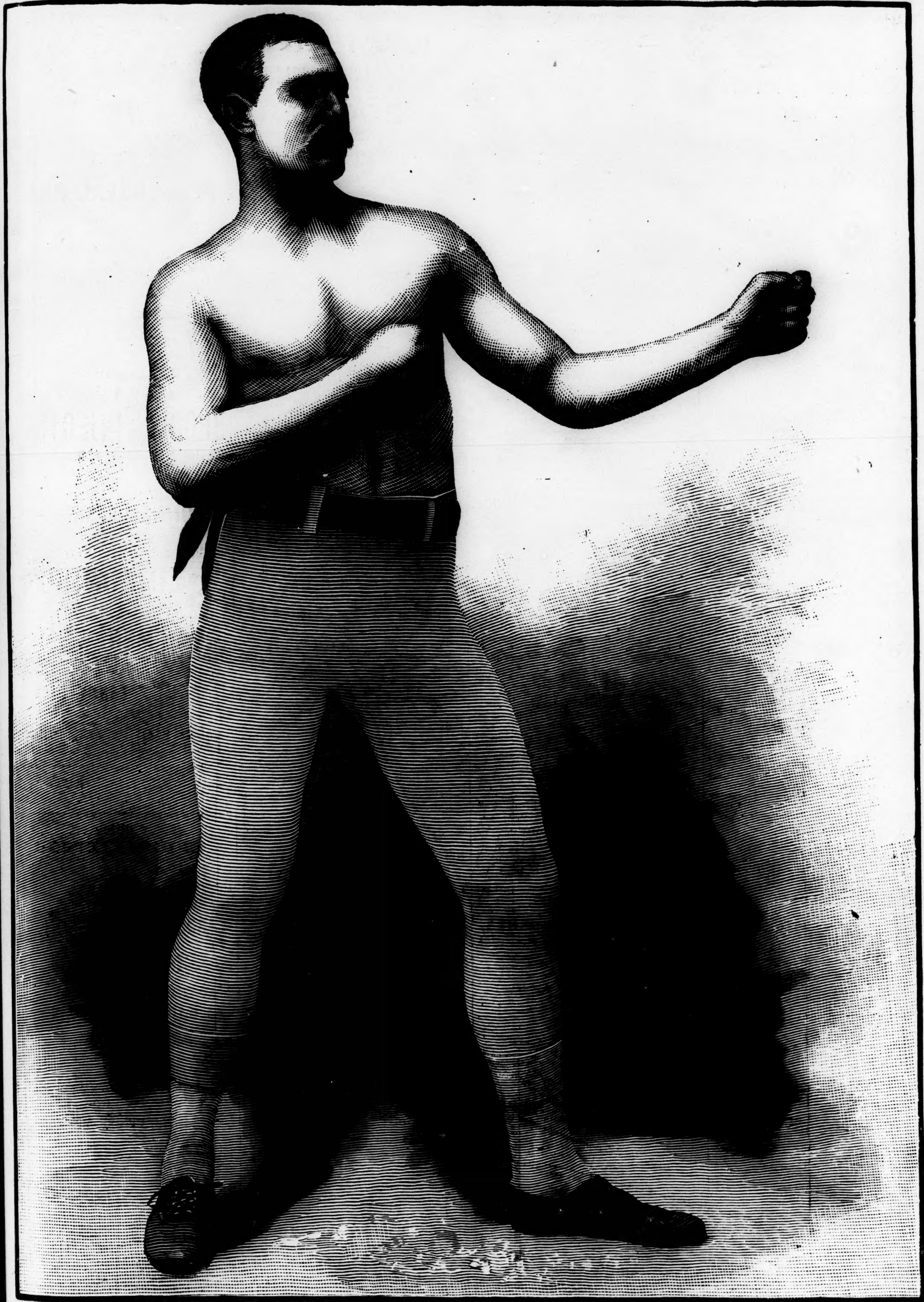
A QUARREL ENSUES BETWEEN MRS. STEVENS AND MRS. BURCHFIELD NEAR SOMERSET, KY., AND THE FORMER SAVAGELY STABS THE LATTER.



IT WASN'T HIS LAST SHAVE.

A SUPPOSED CORPSE, WHILE UNDERGOING THE DELICATE MANIPULATIONS OF A BARBER AT STILLWATER, MINN., SUDDENLY REVIVES.





JOE MCAULIFFE,

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE, DEFEATED BY PETER JACKSON, THE COLORED CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA, AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER 28.













"GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES."

THE STARTLING ALLEGATIONS MADE BY MISS PENELOPE AGNES MARSHALL, A NEW YORK CITY SOCIETY BELLE, IN HER DIVORCE SUIT AT RUTHERFORD, N. J.